



The Improvement

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SEPTEMBER, 1934

Volume 37

Number 9

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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"PEONIES AND DELPHINIUM," BY MARY RUTH BALLARD



ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD

Morality and the New Day

By

Melvin J. Ballard

A Member of the Council of Twelve Apostles

THE moral crisis in the world offers to Latter-day Saint youth a glorious opportunity to arise and shine and hold up standards that will attract the attention of the ends of the earth. No people in the history of the world have maintained higher moral standards than the members of the Latter-day Saint Church. I am one who believes in youth, that the youth of today will carry forward the standards of the past, and I have no sympathy with those who are discrediting youth with a fear that this generation is headed for destruction. I believe that the finest young people who have ever been born in the history of this world have come to Latter-day Saint fathers and mothers. At the same time I recognize that no generation of young people has been faced to face with more serious difficulties to solve than this generation. They have been introduced into an age that questions all the standards of the past, an age that is discarding many of these standards.

While I recognize that this is the greatest age truth has ever known, there is always danger that in the desire for change many tried and worthy standards may be discarded; but the moral standards set up by this Church are standards which must remain and which cannot be changed or modified without disaster to us. This Church has held that next to the crime of murder is the crime of sexual impurity, that to rob a girl of her virtue is a crime next to taking her life. There is not a double standard, one for girls and one for

This is the last of the four speeches which were given on Saturday morning of the June Conference and for which there has been such a call that they were promised in "The Improvement Era." The other three appeared in the August number of the magazine.

boys. Each boy is expected to live as chaste and pure and clean as the girl he asks to be his wife, the mother of his children.

The purpose of my talk this morning is to present to you, leaders of youth, reasons for continuing to maintain these moral standards. I thank the Lord that this Church makes no requirement of its people, young or old, without there being good reasons for appealing to the loyal support of the membership. I know that those living in this age do not obey simply by being commanded; they want to know why. It is our responsibility as leaders of youth to give a reason for the appeals we make to continue to maintain our high moral standards.

The strongest instinct in life is in responding to the law of self-preservation. Next to that comes the desire for food—the appetite, without which the human body could not be sustained. Next to this is the sex desire. This strong desire for self-preservation is given to us in order that we might live and preserve our lives and accom-

plish our mission in the earth. The desire for food has not been given that we might run rampant and indulge in the use of things hurtful and injurious but that we might be wise in the selection of those things provided by the Lord which will build up strong, healthy, vigorous bodies; hence the Word of Wisdom has been given us as a guide to right living.

Why have we the sex desire? Certainly not to yield to its gratification but for the purpose of fulfilling the first great commandment God gave to man—to multiply and replenish the earth. In the beginning the Lord said it was not good for man to be alone, and when he united man and woman in the holy bonds of matrimony he declared that they should cleave unto each other and they twain should become one flesh, and then gave them the commandment to multiply and replenish the earth. He also gave the warning, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." He knew that unless there was strong restraint exercised over this sex impulse that man would abuse his body, depart from the glorious purpose for which it was created, and soon debauch himself in the greatest of sin and iniquity.

All nations and peoples who have heeded the Lord's command concerning the control of this strong impulse which he planted in the human body have prospered and found life happy and successful; but individuals and nations who have disregarded the warning and injunction of the Almighty and have made their bodies mere harps of pleasure to gratify every sex impulse have reaped sorrow and

distress, for while nations have survived pestilence, war, famine, etc., no nation has ever survived immorality.

THE lawful association of the sexes is ordained of God as a means of race perpetuation and for the development of the higher faculties and nobler traits of human nature which the love and inspired companionship of man and woman alone can insure. We believe Paul was right when he wrote, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Gal. 6:7-8.) Jesus once was asked concerning the sin of adultery and who was guilty of this sin. He answered, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." (Matt. 5:28.) And unto the prophet of this dispensation He added, that such an one who does not repent shall lose the spirit and depart from the faith.

The place to begin this self-mastery of the body is with the mind itself, for as a man thinketh so is he. I grant you that there are numerous temptations today for men to have evil thoughts because of the portrayal of the sex question in moving pictures and in the display of the human body by the styles and customs of our day. Nevertheless, shall we become weaklings and yield because we are tempted? I appeal to you as descendants of that Joseph who was sold into Egypt to be worthy of your ancestor who was also tempted when the wife of the ruler looked with lustful eyes upon him. Again and again she invited him to sin with her but he repelled her approaches until finally she seized him to forcibly drag him to his ruin. He tore away from her leaving his garments in her hands which she used as evidence in accusing him of having assaulted her. But one thing I have found to be true is that though the world may condemn you and denounce you as immoral, if you know you are clean in your own heart, all the devils in earth or hell cannot overcome you. But on the other hand, though the world may praise you and think that you are chaste and pure, if you know you are not clean in your own

heart and have no confidence in the honesty and rectitude of your own life, you can never rise. So this Joseph rose in majesty and power because he was pure and innocent and he vindicated himself and secured the absolute confidence of his master.

So can men and women today have such power over their own conduct that no combination of circumstances can ever cause them to depart from the path of virtue. O, the strength there is in being clean! I recall an experience that came into my life sometime ago. I was a passenger on a snow-bound train in the Northwest for four days and four nights with a group of some twenty-one men in a Pullman car. I listened to their stories and ultimately every man without a blush of shame told the story of his own departure from the path of morality and seemed to glory in his victory over some innocent soul. I recall listening to these recitals for hours one night. I had retired to my berth and was trying to sleep but could not. Finally I discovered myself upon my knees weeping and thanking God that I had a mother who taught me to

keep myself clean, that she would rather have me dead than to defile myself. Joy came to my heart because I could look every woman in the face and not one could raise an accusing finger. I want the youth of this Church to so conduct themselves that they can look not only men and women but God Himself in the face and realize that they have kept themselves clean and undefiled, for only the pure in heart can see God.

THE departure from the high moral standards of the past has been going on rapidly and I must blame the World War in part for some of this. For instance, I saw during the period of the war trainloads of soldiers stopping for a moment at railroad stations. Mothers and daughters were there to offer free cigarettes and other gifts. After a few moments of conversation, without an introduction, when the train started to move a soldier would grab a girl and kiss her, only to have that repeated by some other fellow. Mothers, poor simpletons, looked on with approval thinking that was winning the war. They were throwing away the most precious thing their daughters had—maidenly modesty.

Many of our boys became used to this procedure and thought it a perfectly legitimate thing, on the slightest acquaintance or after one evening's entertainment as a reward to claim the right to kiss the girl whom they had met or entertained. Thus promiscuous kissing and petting have become so prevalent that a girl who does not submit to it is often barred. I recall a girl saying to me, "If I do not submit to this treatment the boy will never come back again." "Yes, he will," I said, "he will not come back when he is out looking for another lark; but when he is looking for a companion whom he wants as a wife, one whom he can trust, one who, when he goes away, will be just as he left her when he returns, he will remember the girl who made him stand on his own ground and honor her and respect her."

I am not saying when a girl should allow the privilege of her kiss to be granted to a boy, but my own judgment is that no such privilege should be extended until the girl has accepted an honorable proposal of marriage. The reason

(Continued on page 527)

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

MARY RUTH BALLARD's offering, which appears as Frontispiece for the September Era, is titled "Peonies and Delphinium." Mary Ruth is the gifted daughter of Elder Melvin J. Ballard, a member of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and this still life and other paintings point out the fact that a few young painters are now challenging our interest.

With another summer of painting at the Art Students' League of New York we expect much of this young girl who is a tremendous worker. Miss Ballard is a quiet, old-fashioned, almost aloof, but she has a way of her own—a passion—as witness her breadth of color in the frontispiece. She has delicacy, and strength in her delicacy, as witness "Calla Lilies" in well painted whites and temperamental greens. She has charm of expression as revealed in her rose-like pink roses. She has variety and nice contrasting colors, with some vegetable studies, with white against white used effectively. She does not follow ordinary lines, but has attacked difficult problems as in her airplane method of approach in her composition. She organizes well her contrasting colors.

In all her work she interests the art critic. If she is subtle we love her subtlety. If she is romantic, we like her romance. The undercurrent of her work is decoration. To what must this attitude of interest lead? With so much steady devotion only one result can follow.

Have We But Half of CHRISTIANITY?

By FRED M. FOWLER

THE philosophy of a people reflects itself in the lives of that people—shaping habits, customs, institutions, thinking, and the rate of progress. Evidence of this fact may be found in the sharp contrast existing between the civilization of the Orient and that of the western world. The causative effects of the predominating philosophy of each is clearly evident.

In the Orient, where the predominating philosophy centers in the loss of individual identity through submergence of personality in the great Nirvana, social progress has been sluggish. The little progress which has taken place has come about largely through absorption from the Occident. However, even though it be true that progress in the Orient has been slow, it must be admitted that Oriental philosophy has not produced "rugged individualism" with its accompanying evils. Surely the philosophy of the Orient has been a prime causative factor in producing the conditions which exist there.

In contrast with the Orient, the unparalleled progress which has occurred during recent centuries in the Western World is most significant. The unmistakable influence of Christian philosophy is clearly evidenced in the feverish striving for reward through individual enterprise and achievement. The spirit of individual enterprise seems to be the outstanding characteristic of the socio-economic structure of the Occident. It is the driving essence of the progress of this civilization. It is ruthless in its driving straight and hard toward the goal it sets up and in its disregard of concomitants. Why is this? Perhaps because Christianity has not found complete expression.

The essence of Christian philosophy is eternal progression of the



individual—perfection of personality ("Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect"). This philosophy carries some important implications. The individual must have a social setting—a group environment for the interplay, and cooperative exercise of free agency—in order to achieve the maximum of self-realization.

SURELY no greater goal, nor one fraught with greater possibilities for abundant every-day living, could be held out to man than is contained in this philosophy of Christianity. But it seems to be a law of life that every great good has the possibility of becoming a correspondingly great evil, that every power may be exercised positively or negatively. And thus the spirit of individualism, with its

exalted goal of eternal perfection, has turned to the perverted concomitants—greed, self-aggrandizement, and exploitation of fellow men. In the Christian world today we have both the greatest civilization and the greatest evils known to all history. The real essence of Christianity has been changed because it has been only partially applied.

The great philosopher, Jesus of Nazareth, who gave Christianity to the world, clearly foresaw the negative possibilities of His philosophy and added to it the quite essential part, which is the one safeguard to the real essence of His philosophy. This safeguard is contained in the doctrine of the brotherhood of man—the "golden rule;" "love thy neighbor as thy self;" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me," etc.

It follows then, as a point of logical and practical reasoning, that the one and only real and abiding cure for the many evils which have grown out of the general perversion of the Christian philosophy and which threaten the very structure of our civilization, lies in a complete application of the great safeguard given by Jesus. We must accept, with all that this implies, the essential interdependence of individuals and groups. It is imperative that we shall appreciate the vital need of a maximum of integration between individuals and groups. There truly is no such thing in life as the individual self separate and apart from others. We need all of the Christian philosophy. Part of it will not function alone. The great safeguard must go along hand in hand with the striving for individual progress. Indeed the two may not be separated and retain their essential nature. Each is the necessary complement of the other.

SKIN DEEP

*Betts was somewhat puzzled by the actions of Cynthia, but then who wouldn't be except—
But you may not be puzzled at all.*

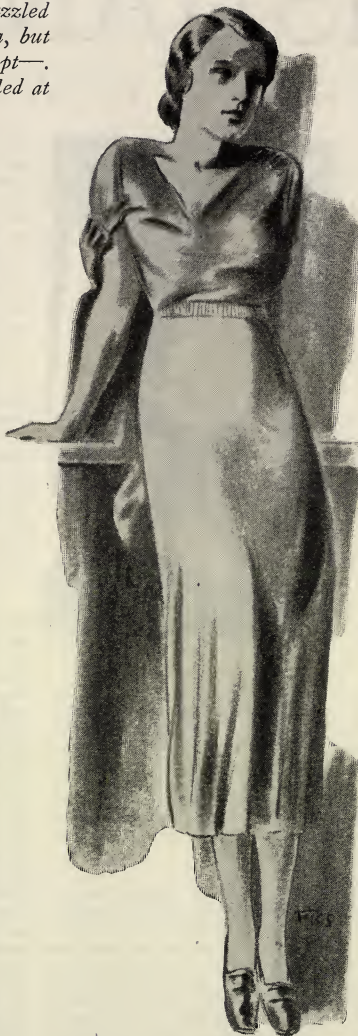
BETTS pondered the shining toes of her little snub-nosed shoes, and then David Truman leaning across his desk talking in a half-laughing, half-serious tone to Cynthia. Betts considered the late February California sunshine slanting in the office window and across the back of her curly brown head much too friendly. She wished she were able to wave a wand and make a nice big saucer of ice cream pop up in front of her—and she wished David were more handsome—and that cousin Cynthia would, for goodness sake, dab at least a little powder on her straight red nose, and she wished—. But David Truman was saying:

"You'd be a regular beauty, you know, Cynthia, if you'd only haul yourself out of that queer trance you're in lately, and doll up a bit."

Betts watched a fly light agily upon Cynthia's brown shoulder to stretch its legs and flip its shimmery wings, while Cynthia said in her calm clear voice:

"But, beauty is only skin-deep, my dear David."

"Better skin-deep than no deep at all," quickly spoke David. Then: "Cynthia, for the love of love, don't deliberately make yourself hideous—why wind that splendid copy hair of yours into a hard bullet at the back of your head? Why shove your slim feet into brogans big enough for me? And why wear that atrocity you have on? Say, do me a favor, will you, Cynthia? Assign little ten-year-old Betsy here to select your wardrobe for you, here-



"BEAUTY—" CYNTHIA'S TONES GRATED. "THE FIGURE PORTRAYS A WOMAN WHO HAS CHOSEN THE SOMBER AND THE COLORLESS EXPERIENCES OF LIFE, RATHER THAN THE VIVID AND HAPPY."

after. She could make a better job of it than you have!"

Cynthia laughed—as Cynthia would, Betts knew—and Betts liked her laugh, it was round and full and sort of fragrant like one of the high-grade apricots she raised. Betts saw David's eyes, usually blue, shade to almost black, and she wondered why they did that. She watched him get up and move about his office, and she liked the rough tweeds he wore, and couldn't find the least fault with his mouth, it was so well shaped, but she told herself quite emphatically if she had been creating David Truman from the dust of the earth, she would certainly have been very careful not to get that little hump on the top of his nose.

"Money—beauty—brains —." He spoke as if he were counting. "You have all of them, Cynthia. Where is the crime in using them, tell me, for the love of Pete?"

BETTS felt deeply ashamed of Cynthia when she shoved her plain brown felt hat farther still upon the back of her head with her thumb, and looked so perfectly insolent and idiotic. "Money takes wings," she informed with gaiety. "Brains become addled. And beauty—" Cynthia broke off and let a soft laugh gurgles in her throat.

"Enough!" grinned David, and Betts admired the whiteness of his strong even teeth. And, say, but wasn't his hair black when you really looked hard at it! As black, almost, as Diane's two little pups—the ones she hated, and had abandoned! "There isn't a man in this town who wouldn't be raving mad about you, if you'd dress like a normal human being, old girl!"

"How you encourage me! Of course, a man is the height of my ambition, discerning sir!" "You can't intend to stay single all your life, Cynthia."

By GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM

"Marriage is dreadfully desirable, isn't it?"

"Don't try to appear bitter and cynical, I know you're not really that way."

"No—just a bit wary, David, and—and a little wise."

Betts saw how sharply David glanced at her, and she made up her mind that grown-ups were decidedly silly and queer and always talked too much—and if she only had a stick of gum, even, she'd feel scads better, and if Cynthia would hurry up and start for home, boy, but wouldn't it be swell! For there was Diane and her family to think about. Mr. Gregg would feed the deserted black ones, and Hurley Worth promised faithfully he'd drop over from his place to make sure everything was okay. * * * Hurley Worth, that perfectly gorgeous young man who had a prune orchard adjoining Cynthia's, and lived in a handsome Spanish cream stucco with a red tile roof, and the house was stuffed full of the most interesting objects of art and paintings—things Cynthia declared Hurley had the most awful complex for. And—more than that—Betts had a feeling that Hurley was in love with Cynthia. She almost was sure of it!

"When I knew you at fifteen, you were headed for being a smashing beauty," David was surging on. "Now, at twenty-three—"

"Look at me!" Cynthia's laugh rippled through the room. "Thanks for the candor, David. I know you mean well."

David reddened, and walked around the end of his desk to stand beside Cynthia's chair.

"I hate like the dickens to see you throwing away something you've been given by your Creator to express," he said very quietly. "And I've come to the conclusion you have a reason for it, Cynthia."

CYNTHIA stood up, and strolled toward the door, her heavy sports shoes making a clump-



"SHOWING CHARACTER," SPOKE HURLEY.
"HENCE, BEAUTY, MY DEAR. FOR, AFTER ALL,
CHARACTER IS BEAUTY, YOU KNOW, CYNTHIA
—THE ONLY BEAUTY THERE ACTUALLY IS."

ing sound upon the hardwood floor when she stepped from the rug.

"So, my good friend Joel Nevers declined your invitation to drop in and talk over the water proposition, did he?" she remarked placidly. "Joel always had a sort of stubborn streak. If he thought he had something the other fellow wanted—well, try and get it! Unless the fellow paid to the last farthing! He knows his water supply is most accessible to that dried up south fifty acres of mine, and he knows I've got to get water to it. * * It's a mess when your well goes dry on you and you're forced to appeal to someone like Joel Nevers!"

Betts couldn't figure out whether Cynthia was cross or unhappy or only fooling, and, anyhow, she thought it quite ridiculous for her and David to be on that subject again when they had threshed it over for a full half hour when she and Cynthia had first come.

"I'll try him again," promised David. "And if he still insists upon playing the mule, you'd better tackle him yourself, Cynthia. That would be the speediest way to handle it, in any case."

Betts hopped down from her chair and opened the door. She and Cynthia stepped into the cool polished hall of the big office building.

"Cynthia," David followed them out and said, as if he were very much in earnest, "you've been taking my legal advice for the past year, and taking it—well, kindly. Will you take what I said about—er—beauty in the same spirit, and not be offended with me?"

Betts observed that David's smiling mouth and anxious eyes did not exactly match. She was glad when Cynthia reached up and patted the side of his tanned face.

"Certainly, David. I get your slant, Beauty stands out

ILLUSTRATED BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

to you rather importantly, doesn't it. But let me remind you again and warn you that—"

"Skin-deep!" shouted David with a laugh.

"And sometimes not even that!" gurgled Cynthia.

Betts loved driving home like mad in Cynthia's powerful orchid roadster, but she found Cynthia's unusual silence less fun than her usual chatter. However, maybe Cynthia wanted to think—perhaps about getting water supply from that red-headed Joel Nevers, or about David and what he'd been saying of beauty, or it might be Hurley Worth her thoughts dwelt upon—or even Diane and the two snowy puppies she loved and cared faithfully for, and the two inky black ones she refused to have anything to do with. Queer Diane! What an unnatural mother!

Cynthia made Betts start by saying with great abruptness: "Joel Nevers is a stubborn pig!"

"A stubborn red-headed pig!" elaborated Betts.

"Auburn-headed, Betsy. And—and there are waves in it."

"I never admired auburn-headed men with waves in them!" Betts sniffed. "Not even if they do own the biggest pear orchard in the valley. Not even if they used to come to your house and bring me 'nормous boxes of chocolate candy! Not even if they did that every single solitary time I was ever visiting you, except now!"

"Whether we approve of Joel or not, we'll have to admit that he's done well, Betsy. You see he wasn't born with a gold spoon in his mouth, as Hurley Worth was. And he didn't step into a law practice all cut and dried for him, like David did. Joel has had to slave for what he's got, and slave hard!"

"Well, I'm glad of it! I hope he gets a good pain slavin'—the funny old man!" scoffed Betts.

"Old man? Joel is just twenty-eight, lamb."

"Well, that's good and old!"

CYNTHIA stopped the car in front of her large old-fashioned white house standing stately and serene in the midst of a sea of apricot bloom, and Betts jumped out. As fast as her sturdy legs would carry her she got through the house and out to the back porch. Hurley Worth, her perfectly gorgeous young man, was

in the act of putting Kiople back in his snug bed with Justis, when she appeared.

"Welcome home, Betsy," he greeted. "We've all missed you immensely, even to hard-hearted Diane and the silly bundles of white fluff she considers so beautiful."

"You like the black ones better than the white ones, don't you, Hurley?" asked Betts.

"Why, they're worth twenty of those pink-eyed inane little strutters!" declared Hurley Worth heartily and with earnestness. "The little black fellows have personality * * * and real character!"

"But, really, Hurley, I am sure almost anyone would choose the white ones."

"Yes, I am sure they would, Betsy. But the majority are usually wrong, and they find it out for themselves, sooner or later."

Betts said to herself that she didn't exactly understand that theory, but she liked him anyway, and felt sure he was the most handsome man in the world, almost—and if that darling cousin Cynthia didn't marry him, she hoped she'd be an old maid all the rest of her life and have only dogs and cats for companions—or not even dogs. At least, not darling deserted little black ones! For what other man would ever fall in love with her but Hurley Worth? Hurley didn't care a whoop about her shiny nose or big shoes or funny clothes. He just cared about her! Her character, Betts supposed—whatever that was—seeing he was always and forever talking about that.

"Will you excuse me, Betsy?" now he was asking in his nice polite way. "I have a feeling someone wants me—or I have a feeling that I hope someone wants me. Do you think I'm right, Betsy?"

"Course!" lustily asserted Betts. "She's in the house somewhere." And watched a light dance in his fine eyes.

For a moment, Betts listened to his voice mingling with Cynthia's in the creamy shadows of the large rooms, before she returned to the comforting of the black Kiople and Justis. When she next saw Hurley Worth he was standing with Cynthia on the wide veranda, and he was saying to her:

"I was in the city yesterday and picked up another very interesting oil, Cynthia. I'd like you to see

it. It possesses more genuine beauty than anything I have found yet." His voice lowered and he moved closer to Cynthia. "I bought the picture because of you, Cynthia," Betts heard him say, "It's magnificent. Like you!"

Betts watched him run lightly down the steps and cross the orchard. He made her think of an orchard god, striding off beneath the trees with the soft pinkish petals drifting down upon his straight square shoulders and blond head.

She intended watching him beyond the acacia hedge, but Mrs. Gregg appeared and announced dinner. Betts' attention flew to the large amber platter of chicken fried golden, she had glimpsed in the kitchen as she came through, and a tall rose-colored glass brimming with creamy milk.

"We should have had Hurley stay to dinner," she observed to Cynthia as they entered the house, and arms about each other strolled into the great dining room. "I know he'd have loved it."

"Think so, lamb?"

"Course. Doesn't he dote on Mrs. Gregg's fried chicken? Me? And you, Cynthia?"

"For my money—brains—or beauty, Betsy? I'm awfully anxious to know which?"

THE curly head of little Betts tipped sagely to one side and she rested her dimpled chin upon the tip of one pudgy finger. "Well—" she declared thoughtfully, "Money couldn't tempt him, 'cause he has loads of it himself. And brains—now how in the world could he know if you've got any or not? He's never peeped into your head. And beauty—why, my goodness, nobody in the world would say you had that! Least of all, Hurley! He knows you haven't got any!"

"Then it must be just for my own sweet self," laughed Cynthia.

"Guess it must be," agreed Betts, eyeing her cousin from between narrowed lids. "Guess Hurley isn't much like David. Now David wouldn't give a cent for those little scraggly black pups of Diane's—but he'd go daffy over the white ones account of their being so pretty. Isn't that funny?"

* * *

Cynthia's sturdy utilitarian shoes marched soundly across the

(Continued on page 571)

It's Threshing Time

By H. R. Merrill



AS threshing time comes around, many of us who were reared on a farm look back with mixed emotions. Each has his own memories of long, hot days, short, crisp nights, long tables, and hungry men.

My pictures have to do with gentle hills tucked in among whose protecting elbows were the little farms. Each farmer had from fifty to 3,000 bushels to thresh, according to the size and location of his "place." Those who had water, grew oats and timothy and potatoes and alfalfa; those who were "dry" grew wheat—sonora, if it was spring grain; gold coin and, later, turkey-red or Kan-red, if it was fall or winter wheat. Some of those with water grew club and touse. I can remember it, when I was a sizable young man, standing along our bottom lands to my chin.

In those days the coming of the thresher was an event—a long looked-for happening like a holiday. It meant many things: for mothers, a crowd to cook for when there was but little to cook; for fathers, many horses to feed; bins and granaries to repair; sacks and twine to buy; "hands" to "russle;" it also meant, after months of empty purses, the coming in of the main cash crop.

There were no unions in those days. A man's work was not only from sun to sun, but from dark to dark—a woman's, bless her heart, from 4 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.

The men exchanged work. The thresher crew, consisting of five or six men—two feeders, a band cutter, a measurer, a horse-power man or driver, and a separator man who was usually the boss, took care of the machine; but the farmer who was being threshed had to provide the bundle-pitchers, the straw-stackers, the grain-haulers, and the sack holder. These were recruited from among the men and boys of the neighborhood. Since there was little money, these men exchanged work. It fell to the lot of the boys frequently to "follow" the machine for days in order to repay the neighbors for their work during their own threshing.

The labor was long and hard and dirty, but there were many compensations. There was the joy of rolling down a bed beside a haystack or on the hay in the barn and sleeping under the stars or where the sweet perfumes from yarrow and dandelion and mints in the hay were soothing and enjoyable. There was the delight of sitting with the men at the long tables and hearing them "josh" with the women who had furnished the meal, or out in the shade beside the machine while the separator man laced a belt or the driver greased his master-wheel.

throw the white butts of the long oats up in billows as fan-shaped, he fed them into the ever hungry cylinder so expertly that the old separator hummed a satisfied monotone despite the wet and the heat of the bundles. When oats were long and soggy, we always knew that father would be called upon to feed more than his share. He was equally efficient with the wheat, however, and was able to keep it running out of the old "worm" in a golden stream as large as one's leg.

Boys usually graduated up from sack-holder to straw-stacker to bundle-pitcher to grain-hauler as their strength increased. Some of them finally joined the crew and fed or cut bands or drove or ran the separator. I came up through all of the jobs to feeder, a job I liked, partly, I think, because father liked it, and partly because my long arms could gather in the headings—as headers had become popular by then. By then, too, horses had been replaced by steam and, a little later, by gasoline. In those days, regardless of the size or condition of the "job" the thresher visited each farm in its regular order and took its pay in whatever was threshed, whether it happened to be wheat full filled with weeds or lucern seed.

Then came the big threshing outfits and the eight hour day. These were organized to do all of the work even the cooking, and farmers paid in cash for everything. Later came the combine harvester. By that time threshing had become merely another job. The social aspect had entirely disappeared and, along with it, the romance of threshing time.

However, even today, if you will go into some of the outlying communities of the West as I did when I got the accompanying picture near Mink Creek, Idaho, you are likely to find threshing still a community affair.

I WAS a l w a y s proud of father. He "fed" for the biggest outfits. He was said to be the greatest feeder in all the country round about. Many a time I have stood and watched his mighty arms



By EARL C. McCAIN OLD

Big Jim and Scotty had differences, but what two men would not living together for weeks. Old Renegade was a bear. The three get tangled up in such a way as to make an interesting story.

IT wasn't so much what "Big Jim" Hardesty said as his way of saying it that angered Scotty Byrnes. They had just finished breakfast when Big Jim shoved back his chair and remarked:

"Saw some bear tracks up in the timber late yesterday that musta been made by Old Renegade, that man-killin' grizzly, on which there's a hundred dollar bounty. Reckon you better chop us up a

little wood this mornin', while I take the rifle and see if we can't collect that reward."

It was the casualness of Hardesty's order that rankled his companion. Ever since they had become partners in a mining claim the spring before, Big Jim had assumed a sort of unconscious leadership. Scotty hadn't minded this so much at first because Hardesty had the qualities of a leader. During the working season Scotty had looked

to his partner more or less for direction. But through the long winter months, while they had been cooped up together in the cabin, Big Jim's dominance had begun to get on the little man's nerves.

"What's the matter with you choppin' a little wood?" Scotty countered irritably. "The way I understood our partnership, I thought we were to share all the work."

Hardesty was a giant of a man, six feet tall and tipping the scales at two hundred and thirty pounds. A quiet smile overspread his heavy face as he glanced sharply at his partner and remarked:

"Pshaw now, Scotty. Don't get all riled up. You know you ain't much of a shot with a rifle



RENEGADE

ILLUSTRATED BY N. J. COTTERELL

and you might get hurt if you had a run in with Old Renegade."

"That's not the point," Scotty snapped. "I ain't lookin' for any grizzlies, even when there's a bounty on them. What I object to is being ordered around all the time; left to do all the drudgery—like carryin' water, cuttin' wood and cookin'—while you spend all your time in the hills huntin'."

The smile on Big Jim's face broadened as he got to his feet and reached for his mackinaw. Hardesty never got mad, which irritated Scotty all the more. It always seemed to put him in the wrong, made him feel like a chastised boy.

"You'll have to admit I've kept us in fresh meat all winter," Hardesty drawled. "But you let the wood go today, Scotty. We've got enough for tonight, and I'll chop down that big dead pine tomorrow. If it'll make you feel any better I'll wash the dishes and carry you up some water before I leave."

Scotty made no answer but his

actions served for a reply. He gathered up the breakfast dishes, piled them into the dishpan, covered them with water and set the pan on the stove. Then he picked up the water bucket and strode from the cabin.

AS Scotty, after filling the bucket from the creek, turned back toward the cabin, he saw Big Jim, with the rifle across his arm, setting out for the timber above the house. Hardesty, glancing back, lifted an arm in farewell. But with the gesture he favored Scotty with a good-natured, tolerant grin that angered the smaller man more than ever.

Scotty knew Big Jim had plenty of good points. During the preceding summer and fall, when they had been working the claim, Hardesty had done the lion's share of the work; had always stood ready to favor his smaller partner when the going was tough. But he always seemed to take it for granted he was boss of the job.

Finished with the dishes and with a pot of venison stew on the back of the stove, Scotty stood a moment debating. Big Jim had said to let the wood go, that he would cut down the big dead pine that stood in a grove of smaller trees on the slope above the cabin. Even that had savored of an order, but because he was ashamed to leave the work for his partner, Scotty picked up the axe and started up the slope.

Reaching the dead pine he surveyed it carefully, selected the place to fall it without damaging the smaller trees and drove his axe into the dry bark. Despite the fact that he was a runt in size compared

to Big Jim, Scotty had plenty of wiry strength and endurance when it came to work he could do at all.

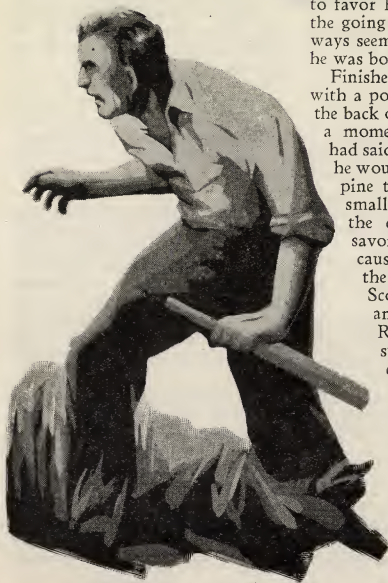
Still thinking of his grievance, Scotty put a sort of vicious energy into his axe strokes. Thirty minutes' work and he had the trunk neatly ringed, with deep cuts on two sides. Gauging the cuts carefully, he began driving toward the heart of the pine and soon sent the massive tree crashing to the ground.

The fall was perfect, exactly where he wanted it to land, and there would be wood enough in that tree to last them for months. He climbed upon the fallen trunk and began lopping off the heavy lower branches, intending to trim these and chop them into firewood to use until he and Jim could saw up the trunk. He had nearly finished trimming the tree and had stepped down from the trunk when a sound reached his ears. First the snapping of a stick, then a sudden, explosive grunt. Scotty turned his head to face a huge old grizzly bear that had waddled out from the underbrush above the grove of trees.

FOR a few seconds both man and beast stood still, each surprised at the other's appearance. And Scotty's mind, during those few seconds, was shocked at recognition. The tremendous size of the beast, the grayish tinge of his shaggy coat and a well-defined scar across his snout and head, made by a rifle bullet from a trapper he had killed, all told Scotty he faced Old Renegade!

The bear was on all four feet, but a bear charges on all fours until it nears the object of its charge. The beast's huge jaws were partly open, revealing the red tongue and gleaming teeth, and its small, pig-like eyes were glaring at Scotty with a look of intense hatred.

Scotty had dropped the axe, knowing he would be foolish to face the animal with such a weapon. He had heard somewhere that it is best to stand perfectly still when facing a bear; that if one does so the beast will often



HE SUDDENLY DARTED FORWARD, CLOSE IN TO THE SHAGGY, TOWERING HULK, AND BROUGHT THE BLADE OF THE AXE CRASHING DOWN

turn aside. But the bear showed no inclination to turn and Scotty was finding it hard to stand still with a man-killing grizzly less than thirty yards away.

Frightened though he was, Scotty tried to reason out what he had better do. To reach the cabin he must cross a stretch of open ground and he knew no man can outrun a charging grizzly. The one tree in the grove big enough to promise any real safety was the dead pine he had cut down.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a hoarse growl and he saw the animal shuffle forward a step. Believing that meant the beast was going to charge, Scotty leaped upon the tree trunk and darted along this toward the nearest sapling.

The man's movement seemed to arouse the animal to action. Another savage growl came from his throat as he moved out from the underbrush. He paused for an instant, then growled again and lumbered toward the man.

Scotty, like most little men, was agile, and he made full use of his agility now. The nearest tree was about twenty feet high, with the lowest branch just above his head. Scotty leaped to catch this and pulled his body up the slim trunk.

The bear, clambering upon the fallen pine trunk, ran along this after the man. The sound of his ripping claws in the dry bark brought a shiver to Scotty's spine. Squirming frantically, breaking off some of the smaller branches in his haste, Scotty managed to draw his feet barely beyond reach of the menacing claws as Old Renegade, reaching the sapling, reared upright.

Hugging the thin trunk and staring down at the huge beast, Scotty didn't feel any too safe. The young tree was only about four inches in diameter at the base and the trunk was little more than an inch thick where he gripped it with his hands. His feet, high as he dared draw them without running the risk of breaking out the small branches that held him, were barely beyond reach of the beast's upward swiping paws.

STRIKING upward at Scotty's feet the animal suddenly

struck the trunk of the tree with a force that almost jarred Scotty from his perch. Hastily he tightened his hold, tried to distribute his weight more evenly among the fragile branches, aware that if the bear knew enough to try and shake him down he faced the gravest danger.

The bear, still growling, lowered his forefeet and began circling the base of the tree. Scotty was watching him anxiously when he heard a new sound. Out from the brush at the edge of the grove

bering forward between the trees. "Watch out, Jim! He's comin' after you!" Scotty yelled.

Hardesty had realized his danger. He jerked the lever of the rifle, throwing another cartridge into the chamber and was peering across the sights. As the charging beast emerged from the timber, less than fifty feet away, he pressed the trigger.

The bear seemed to pause at the shot, but only for an instant. The bullet had struck but failed to find a vital spot. With another growl that was really more a bellow of rage, he plunged toward the man with the gun.



OLD RENEGADE

stepped Big Jim Hardesty, his rifle in his right hand and a surprised look on his face.

"Hang on, Scotty! I'm comin'!"

A wave of warmth for Big Jim swept over Scotty. Whatever feeling he had about Big Jim's dominance had been swept aside by Hardesty's bravery in coming so quickly to his aid.

"Look out, Jim! Stay back!" he called. "I'm all right if he doesn't shake the tree."

But Big Jim, if he heard the warning, failed to heed it. He came steadily forward. The bear, hearing his voice, reared up again. Hardesty caught sight of the beast's head and shoulders, snapped the rifle to his shoulders and fired quickly.

The bullet must have struck, because Scotty, watching, saw the animal flinch and heard another fierce growl. Then it dropped to all four feet again. A moment later the grizzly had turned toward the new foe and was lum-

BIG JIM was standing his ground, waiting that charge that meant certain death unless he fired a bullet that stopped the animal. It was too late to try and reach a tree now, too late to do anything but depend upon his rifle. And Scotty, watching tensely, saw that something had gone wrong.

Hardesty, his strong face pale and his lips tight, was jerking at the lever of the rifle. Evidently the last cartridge had jammed. Scotty saw him take a step backward as he pulled his eyes off the bear an instant to glance at the rifle.

Scotty hardly knew what impelled his next move. He had no preconceived plan of action, only a wild desire to distract the bear's attention until Jim could work another cartridge into the rifle barrel.

Twisting down between the branches, he slid down the trunk of the sapling and dropped to the ground. Running forward alongside the fallen pine, he almost stumbled over the axe he had dropped. Blindly he reached for it, gripped the handle firmly in his right hand as he ran toward his partner.

Jim, backing up as he still struggled with the jammed gun, had reached the edge of the brush. He crouched down beside a clump of bushes as the bear, within three feet of him, reared its mighty bulk on its hind feet to strike at him.

Scotty, hoping every second to hear the crash of Jim's rifle, was within ten feet of the bear when it

(Continued on page 566)

Religious Education—

Its Importance and How It may be Obtained

By

Rulon S. Howells

IT has been attributed to the teachers of the largest Christian Church on earth as having said, "You allow us the full control of your child's religious education up to his fifteenth year and we will have little fear of his future religious convictions."

In the early history of the American colonies religious education was a part of the regular school curriculum. The kind or variety of that education depended largely upon the dominant church of the community. Peculiar as it was, the same intolerance which forced the Pilgrim fathers to seek new places, where they could worship as they chose, existed among those very same "dissenting fathers" in their new locations in the new world.

As the elementary school system of the early colonies developed it was under the control of the Protestants, who introduced Protestant forms of religious observance. Those not of the dominant faith in a particular community objected to conditions which constrained their children to attend or take part in apparently opposing services or instruction. The result was the absolute separation of public education from the control of any religious body. Following this separation, each denomination began organizing its own religious school system, to meet the demands and the right of the parents to secure the religious education they desired their children to have.

Following the Revolutionary war, religious liberty was not established by all the colonies at once. Religious equality, however, became universal and complete only after the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, in which the present constitution of the United States was adopted, a portion of the first

That religious education is important scarcely anyone will deny. Mr. Howells in this article points out how children may receive this training and in addition quotes a questionnaire used by Dr. George Herbert Betts in finding out how ministers and theological students studying for the ministry would have their children answer 75 questions. Only a part of the questionnaire is given here, but enough to indicate what ministers and theological students are thinking. It would be interesting for those who read these questions to jot down their own belief concerning them.

amendment reading, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

From time to time since those early beginnings and struggles of religious education in connection with elementary schools and colleges, there have been movements initiated in different sections of the country to include a religious course into or in connection with the regular school curriculum, but generally such efforts have failed. Parents desiring religious education for their children were compelled to place them in church sponsored and maintained schools or take the chance of the child's attending church classes and services enough to get a fair training in their own beliefs.

From the very beginning of Utah and inter-mountain history, in spite of the overwhelming majority of citizens being members of the "Mormon" Church, religious education has been separated from the public schools.

The religious-educational development in Utah and surrounding states has been similar to that in other states throughout the country. Each religious denomination has provided facilities as best it could for educational advancement along its own religious lines.

In spite of all these efforts on the part of the various churches to help stimulate religious thought in the direction of their own convictions, the percentage of young peo-

ple during the ages of the greatest need for direction in such matters, who actually receive religious instruction, is relatively small. In fact, in the majority of cases this responsibility rests almost entirely on the home influence and what may be learned in brief services on Sunday.

To meet this need for religious education, which naturally includes the most important subject of conduct and morals for those of the "danger" age of young men and women, the Latter-day Saint seminaries* have been instituted to give the daily guidance in religious thought so essential to high school age. There are over 80 of these well equipped and conducted seminaries, where the proper foundation for the correct interpretation of the gospel of Jesus Christ is laid, scattered throughout these western states.

Parents desiring their children to become fortified in a sound understanding of religious principles, to meet the religious challenges which await every young man or woman who pursues a higher education in our colleges and universities, will

*Note: These seminaries are usually located in a well-equipped building built especially for this purpose near the High School. The students register for the course and receive high school credit in some of the courses given by the seminaries. The classes are held early in the morning before the regular school work is started or later in the afternoon after the regular school work has been completed for the day—thus there is no interference with the regular school schedule.

do well to consider the merits and advantages of the seminary training possibilities.

Some idea of the various religious conceptions in the minds of children of high school and junior high school, among the Protestant denominations, can be had by a perusal of a recent questionnaire and investigation made by Dr. George Herbert Betts, director of

research in the school of education, at Northwestern University, in a far reaching study on "Children's Ideas About Religion."

Dr. Betts' questionnaire was made up of some 75 questions, and addressed to over 1000 ministers of the various Protestant churches and to some 500 theological students who were preparing for the ministry. The questionnaire made the

request to the ministers and theological students to "answer the questions as they would desire a child of junior high school age to answer them."

Only a part of the 75 questions with answers based on percentages are here reprinted.

How would you desire your child to answer these questions?

Religious Ideas of Children

REPORT based on 480 returns from 1039 ministers comprising the Chicago Church Federation and from 240 theological students of eight seminaries who were asked to "answer the following questions as they would desire a child of junior high school age to answer them." (Numbers represent per cents.)

	All Ministers (480)			All Theological Students (240)		
	Yes	No	Uncertain	Yes	No	Uncertain
	%	%	%	%	%	%
IDEAS CONCERNING GOD						
Is God still speaking to us today as he did in Bible times?	83	15	2	87	8	5
Is God a person with a form like a man?	4	92	4	7	90	3
Does God stop loving us when we are bad or do wrong?	3	97	—	5	92	3
Did God love and care for people in Bible times more than he does people today?	—	99	—	1	98	1
Does God fix the time for each one to die regardless of what the person himself may do?	7	88	5	6	82	12
Does God "speak" to us through good men and women of today?	98	2	—	96	2	2
Has God spoken to us through any other books than the Bible?	82	17	1	92	5	3
Does God love those who do not worship him?	96	3	1	92	4	4
Is God a spirit without a body?	83	7	10	72	12	16
Does God love us more than he loves people of other races (Chinese, African, Indians)?	2	98	—	4	95	1
Does God "speak" to us by making us sorry and ashamed when we have done wrong?	94	3	3	82	11	7
Will God refuse to give us help and care if we fail to thank him?	8	89	3	7	84	9
Does God keep a record of our bad deeds in a great book?	19	74	7	7	86	7
Did God spend millions of years in making the world?	67	15	18	69	11	20
Does God send storms, earthquakes, or sickness upon people to punish them for their sins?	17	72	11	6	82	12
Does God sit on a throne ruling the earth like a great king?	12	85	3	6	89	5
IDEAS CONCERNING JESUS						
Are we sons of God just as much as Jesus was?	42	44	14	59	29	12
Is Jesus God?	72	26	2	39	53	8
IDEAS CONCERNING PRAYER						
Is it important to pray when there is nothing we specially want to ask God for?	96	4	—	92	7	1
If we pray will God help us pass an examination when we have not studied?	1	95	4	5	92	3
IDEAS CONCERNING THE CHURCH						
Does joining the church make it sure that one is saved?	—	99	—	2	95	3
Do all the people who are trying to make the world better belong to the church?	3	95	2	4	94	2
Does the church really help us to be better followers of Jesus?	98	1	1	89	4	7
Are people who belong to one church (as Methodists, Lutheran, Episcopal) better Christians than those who belong to another church?	3	95	2	11	87	2
IDEAS CONCERNING THE FUTURE LIFE						
Do those who die keep on living in another life?	92	3	5	72	9	19
Is everybody who lives a good life on earth happy after he dies?	45	31	24	46	19	35
Is the chief purpose of religion to save us in a future life?	17	82	1	10	86	4
Is hell a real place of fire and burning?	20	69	11	10	74	16
If there were no future life would religion be of any use?	89	9	2	83	11	6
Is there a Judgment Day coming when all people will be assembled and God will decide whether they are to be rewarded or punished?	48	39	13	24	50	26
Do people who have never heard of Jesus go to hell when they die?	7	74	19	2	81	17
IDEAS CONCERNING THE BIBLE						
Did everything the Bible tells about really happen just the way it is told?	29	66	5	8	84	8
Did God tell men who wrote the Bible exactly what they were to put in it?	27	71	2	11	83	6
Are all the stories and teachings of the Bible equally important for us?	11	89	—	5	92	3
By reading the Bible can we always tell exactly what is right and what is wrong to do?	24	71	5	9	87	4
Did Jesus teach us in the Bible everything there is to know about God?	21	75	4	12	81	7
IDEAS CONCERNING THE CHRISTIAN LIFE						
Does the "Kingdom of God" mean the time when Jesus will come again to rule the earth?	9	86	5	9	82	9

	All Ministers (480)			All Theological Students (240)		
	Yes	No	Un-certain	Yes	No	Un-certain
	%	%	%	%	%	%
Is it important that we keep from all play and amusement on Sunday?	13	83	4	7	89	4
Is it a good definition to say, A Christian is a person who belongs to the church?	49	51	—	5	93	2
Do people of today know and understand God as well as the people of the Old Testament did?	91	7	2	75	11	14
Is it a good definition to say, A Christian is a person who reads the Bible and prays?	6	93	1	7	89	4
Is going to church or Sunday School regularly the most important way of serving God?	15	82	3	5	91	4
Is doing all we can to make the world better the most important way of serving God?	70	27	3	87	8	5
Does working to make the world better help us to know God?	88	11	1	96	1	3
Are there any other ways we can worship God than by praying, singing, and taking part in the services of the church?	97	3	—	97	2	1
Do people who pray and go to church regularly ever fail to be good followers of Jesus?	91	9	—	94	4	2
Is it a good definition to say, A Christian is a person who tries to live as Jesus would live?	84	16	—	91	5	4
IDEAS CONCERNING THE SACRAMENT						
Does being baptized make sure that we are saved?	3	97	—	2	97	1

	All Ministers (480)			All Theological Students (240)		
	Yes	No	Un-certain	Yes	No	Un-certain
	%	%	%	%	%	%
Is the reason for keeping the Lord's Supper (Communion) that we cannot go to heaven if we do not?	3	97	—	3	96	1
Is the reason for keeping the Lord's Supper (Communion) that we want to remember the brave death of Jesus?	64	35	1	50	42	8
IDEAS CONCERNING SPIRITS						
Is there an actual being or person called the devil (or Satan) who makes us want to do wrong?	46	42	12	18	68	14
Are there actual beings or spirits called angels?	60	20	20	24	46	30
IDEAS CONCERNING RELIGION						
Have other religions than Christianity any truth in them?	94	5	1	95	4	1
IDEAS CONCERNING MAN						
Did mankind develop from lower forms of life?	46	39	15	63	17	20

Note: In interpreting these questions and their answers the following facts should be kept in mind:

1. The content (but not the form) of practically all the items comes from *children's own* questions or interpretations. The points asked were not simply invented by the investigator.
2. The views of the investigator or his university do not appear in the report. The effort has been only to represent the facts as found, leaving the interpretation to others.

George H. Betts,

Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Morality and the New Day

(Continued from page 516)

I speak of this is because those who engage promiscuously in kissing and other caresses are playing with fire and many will be burned if they do not desist from this dangerous practise. I know there are those who even question the standard of the Church that requires youth to keep themselves absolutely free from all sex association until after marriage. Sin has paved the way for illicit sex relations to be established, promising immunity where there is no exposure, but that secret sin is as damning as though everybody knew it.

I know this, that any girl who will be modest in speech, modest in dress and actions, will be honored and protected against the assaults of men except they be beasts. But let a girl be immodest in speech and dress and actions and she will be

pursued as the hound pursues the hare and she will be exceedingly fortunate if she is not overcome.

The Cover

THE cover on this month's *Improvement Era* is a photograph of Bear Grass, Glacier National Park, taken by T. J. Hileman, of the Glacier Park Photo Shop. Because this beautiful plant grows promiscuously all over the Rockies both in northern United States and Canada, we thought it appropriate to run it.

Other names given to this flower are: Basket Grass, Squaw Grass, Turkey Bear.

As one passes along the road in Glacier National Park or in the Canadian Rockies he will see these beautiful flowers sticking their snowy heads above the surrounding shrubbery. I procured a photograph of a beautiful specimen on the very divide between Alberta and British Columbia.

This photograph is copyrighted by Hileman and is run with his permission.

—H. R. M.

THE reason we are anxious for our young men and women to be so circumspect and clean in their lives is that they may come to the House of God and receive each other in companionship for time and for all eternity and enter into that sacred obligation with the desire to do their best to fulfil the pledges we all made to those spirit children of our Father that through holy marriage we would give them the opportunity of life here upon this earth. The deliberately childless marriage leads to sorrow and disappointment and ultimate disgust, while those who do their utmost to fulfil the very purpose of life will be rewarded here and now with love, with companionship, joy and happiness that will be perpetuated in the eternities and will create a heaven for such noble men and women.

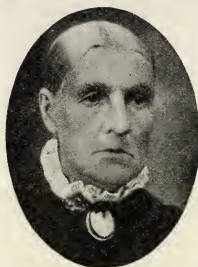
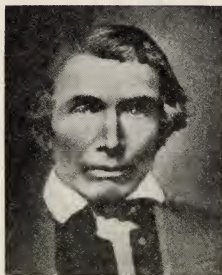
So we feel the reasons are ample to justify us in maintaining our standards and the rewards are great enough to inspire us to live up to them. God help us to do it that we may indeed arise and shine and become the very light of the world.

Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley

PART III

WE camped in the city on what was later the 8th Ward Square, where the City and County Building now stands. My parents had known and had ministered to many of the traveling Elders in the old country, and some of them like Robert L. Campbell, the father of Rob Campbell, came and hunted us up, took us to their homes, gave us food to eat, and looked after us as well as they could.

The great question now was, where shall we go? What shall we do? There were no mills or factories where the family could secure work such as they had been accustomed to in the east. Neither was there any coal mining, which my father would have been glad to work at. An entirely new mode of working and living had to be undertaken. But where to locate? That was the question. On inquiring concerning different Scotch families that had preceded us to this country, we were told that among others, the Stoddard family who had joined the Church and lived near our folks in the old country, had just recently gone to a new pioneer valley called Cache Valley. Of course we did not know whether Cache Valley was east or west or north or south. We did not know the elevation of the country or whether it would raise anything or raise nothing, or whether the land was all alkali or was good land, but we were told there was land and water to be had in abundance, and that timber and wood to burn could be had in the mountains nearby. And as the Stoddards and others had gone to Cache Valley why should not we go? We only knew that it was about another one hundred miles' travel which would take us five days. So after we had rested two or three days in the city we hooked up our three oxen and two cows and were off for Cache Valley.



PRESIDENT NIBLEY'S FATHER AND MOTHER,
JAMES AND JEAN WILSON NIBLEY

THE lake was very low that year and the wagon road from Salt Lake City to Farmington was considerably west of any green fields, right out on the alkali lake bottom, as dry as a bone. The road was so level and easily traveled that we made the twenty miles to Farmington in a very short day. We camped for the night at Hector Haight's place and our oxen broke into his field and ate up some of his melons. I remember that in the morning he demanded pay for the damage done, which, of course, he was rightly entitled to. I have no recollection of any other camping place until we arrived at Wellsville. I remember going down Box Elder Canyon, before we came to Wells-

The Nibleys build a home in Cache Valley—a log house, one room, "but no queen who ever entered her place was happier or prouder" than Jean Wilson Nibley was fit.

ville, that the road was full of stumps and was not much of a road at all, just a trail cut through the brush and not very many wagons had gone up and down that road. It was so rough that it impressed me. I recollect that part of the trip distinctly, but have no recollection of Ogden or Brigham City or other settlements.

When we got to Wellsville, which was a village of perhaps 20 or 25 log houses, we drove at once to Granny Stoddard's dugout. She had been baking her bread in a skillet and in the fire under the skillet she had a lot of the finest kind of large new potatoes, for it was now about the 11th of September. She was very hospitable to us, gave us everything she had in the way of something to eat, but I recollect that those fine baked potatoes and the fresh buttermilk which she had churned that morning were about the finest combination of food that I had ever tasted. We were all so hungry for vegetables, having had scarcely a taste of anything in the line of vegetables all the way across the plains, it makes my mouth water yet to think of Granny Stoddard's potatoes and buttermilk.

The Bishop of the ward was William H. Maughan, a young man of about twenty-five years, a son of Peter Maughan who was the President of the organizations of the Church in Cache Valley. He was very kind to us in helping us to get located, advising us how to proceed to get some logs out of the canyons and build some kind of shelter for the winter, both for

ourselves and for our cattle. We had money enough to buy some wheat which we had made into flour at Hill's mill, at which there was no way of separating the smut and chaff from the wheat, but was all ground together and made a black or brown bread.

We located at the end of what was called the new fort, for the town was not laid out as it is now, but was merely a fort of houses all huddled together for protection from Indian raids. It was a new and hard experience getting out logs from the canyons and getting out our winter's wood. And also securing hay from the hay fields down below Mendon, with which to feed our cattle for the winter. All these new experiences were difficult and of the worst kind, but we did manage to get a dugout roofed in and a little yard made with quaking aspen poles and a shed covered with hay where we could keep our cattle for the winter.

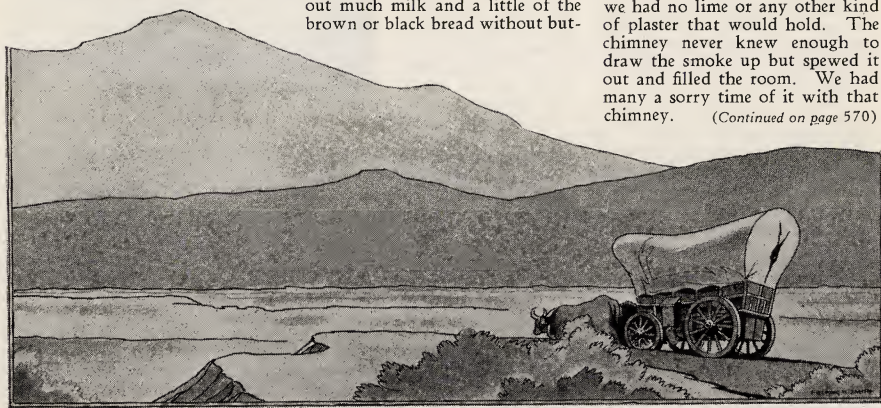
I recollect that the very first day after we arrived and got our camp permanently pitched, my mother, with her characteristic energy started out and took me with her into the adjoining field to glean wheat. That was my very first work in Utah—gleaning wheat. And walking in the wheat stubble gleaning wheat all day, barefooted, was not altogether a picnic, but we would gather up the heads of wheat, tie them in little bundles and carry them to our camp. We two gleaned close to one-half bushel of wheat a day. We would take the little bundles of heads and use a washboard which we had

brought with us to rub out the heads of wheat or thresh them out as we would say. Then we would put this wheat in a pile on our wagon cover and I would have to take a plate or something of that kind and throw the wheat up in the air to let the chaff and smut and straw blow away with the wind, and keep on so throwing it in the air until the wheat was as clean as we could get it, ready for the gristmill. If we bought a load of wheat, which we did once or twice, in bundles from the field, we would take and lay those bundles on our wagon cover on the ground and drive a yoke of oxen around and around over the bundles until the oxen had tramped out the wheat. This, of course, was done where there was no threshing machine, and I don't think there was a threshing machine in all Cache Valley that fall. Wellsville was the oldest and largest town in the valley at that time. Logan had merely started with about half the number of houses that Wellsville had, and a little start was being made at Hyrum, Millville, Smithfield, Richmond and Franklin, but Wellsville and Logan were the two prominent places.

AFTER we were through gleaning wheat I had to look after the two cows and see that they were brought in from the range every night. In fact, I was expected to herd them during the day and bring them home at night. Our breakfasts were of the scantiest kind, a little wheat porridge without much milk and a little of the brown or black bread without but-

ter. In the morning I was furnished a piece of bread for my dinner, as I would start off on the hills with the cows, but my dinner was devoured before I got half a mile away from our camp and I had to go hungry until evening. About the only clothing I had at that time was a pair of pants made from the tent which we used in crossing the plains, and which had grown so stiff and hard, being weather-beaten in so many storms, and a shirt made of the same material, that when it touched my back or sides, nearly took the skin off, but it was the best I had and all I had. A rope tied around my waist to hold my pants up and my shirt down. I can remember that when I was very hungry at dinner time, about the only thing I could do to help my stomach was to tighten my rope.

IT was probably about the middle of November, or a little later when we completed a little one-room, part dugout and part log house. We dug a square hole in the ground about 3 feet deep and then built logs around that hole. 3 logs high. We built up the two gables with logs then put a center roof log and one on each side of that, half way down the wall. On the top of these logs we laid small quaking aspen poles not any larger than my wrist. On the top of these we put straw and then covered that with a thick coat of dirt. My father built a cobble stone chimney in the opposite end from the entrance or door. The chimney was simply built of cobble stones and mud for plaster, as we had no lime or any other kind of plaster that would hold. The chimney never knew enough to draw the smoke up but spewed it out and filled the room. We had many a sorry time of it with that chimney. (Continued on page 570)



« KNOW YOUR



Snakes are so beneficial, especially in the western areas of the United States and Canada, that all of us should become familiar with the venomous kinds in order that we may not destroy our friends—those which are not venomous and which work for us by day and by night.



ABOVE, LEFT: WATER MOCCASIN—OFTEN
CONFUSED WITH BLACK SNAKE.

ABOVE, CENTER: CORAL SNAKE.

RIGHT: COPPERHEAD.

LOWER, RIGHT: VENOM EXTRACTION—SNAKE
FANGS CAN BE SEEN PUSHED DOWN IN
RUBBERIZED CLOTH



EVEN to the most humane person there is something about a snake with its sinuous, quiet movement which brings an involuntary shudder, yet by far the greater number in this country are extremely beneficial, as they live on rodents and insects which do a lot of damage to the crops.

Wilfully, savagely, nearly everyone will frantically kill even a small garter snake on sight. This fear of them is not inherent in us as small children rarely display any but interest on first seeing a snake.

Often in motoring along the highway we will see a snake lying stretched out on the concrete. Perhaps, being unfamiliar with these reptiles, we shudder, for they seem to arouse in us an unreasoning fear unless we are acquainted with them and their ways. There have been so many rumors and stories about snakes that it is not surprising most people hold these lowly creatures in great dread.

They are, however, most fascinating, and rare indeed is it that we encounter one in hiking or camping, for they apparently have as little desire to come in contact with us as we with them. They are not apt to be aggressive unless suddenly startled when, as with most animals, they would naturally assume a defensive attitude which, with startling facility, can become aggressive with lightning-like rapidity.

There are many species of snakes in this country which are quite harmless to mankind, and these are much in the majority.

The actual structure of snakes is most interesting and quite complicated. The scales on their bodies are very small, hard and shiny, and the latter fact has doubtless given rise to the popular idea that snakes are wet and slimy. Quite the con-



trary is the case. The scales are shaped and colored variously on the upper side of the body, but underneath they are elongated to form traverse, overlapping sections the free edges of which point toward the tail of the reptile. Each of these transverse sections is attached to a pair of movable ribs, so that the snakes actually move on the end of their ribs! With the forward motion of the ribs the plates are carried along, each edge being protected by the plate in front of it, so that the body slips over the surface of the ground. With the backward movement of the plates, the free

SNAKES

* *

C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER



Photo—Mulford Biological Laboratories.

edges catch on the slightest irregularity, and the snake is able to work itself along almost silently. The movement may be said to be a series of lateral undulations of the body.

SOME snakes give birth to living young and these are born in litters; other species lay eggs from which the

young later hatch. Increase in growth is accomplished by a shedding of the skin, but before this takes place the snake goes partially blind as there is a thin layer over the eyes which is cast off at the same time as the skin. Shedding is started by the snake's loosening the skin around the mouthparts by rubbing it against some rough surface, then it thrusts its head through and gradually crawls out of the old skin by turning it inside out.

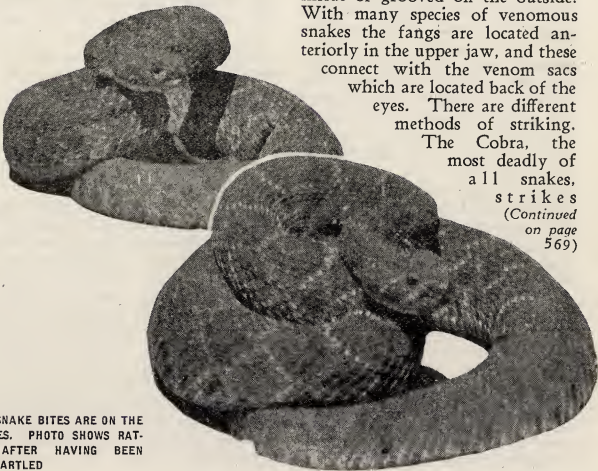
There are innumerable fallacies about these reptiles all of which are readily believed as so few people know much about snakes. Their eyes lack eyelids, hence the eyes are always open, and this fact has given rise to the idea that snakes "charm" or "hypnotise" their prey.

The little black or red forked tongue which may be seen darting rapidly in and out of the mouth is a highly sensitive organ of feeling with which the reptile is able to discern the surface with which it comes in contact, and is in no way connected with its venom apparatus as so many believe.

The structure of the mouth is such that a snake can "eat" or, more correctly, swallow, its prey even if the latter is several times larger in circumference than the snake! The lower jaw bone does not extend continuously in a bony structure but, instead, it is split in front with a ligament joining the two side bones. This feature enables the snake to work first one side of its jaw over its prey—usually the victim is absorbed head first—and then the other. When the food reaches the throat, the snake gives several convulsive swallows and the food disappears. Owing to the very strong gastric juices the reptile is able to digest quickly. The structure of the teeth, and there may be as many as four rows in the upper and two in the lower jaw, is such that they also assist in the swallowing of prey, for they are curved so that their points are toward the reptile's throat.

In the venomous species the fangs are in reality elongated teeth which may either be canaliculated on the inside or grooved on the outside. With many species of venomous snakes the fangs are located anteriorly in the upper jaw, and these connect with the venom sacs which are located back of the eyes. There are different methods of striking. The Cobra, the most deadly of all snakes, strikes

(Continued
on page
569)



THE MAJORITY OF SNAKE BITES ARE ON THE LOWER EXTREMITIES. PHOTO SHOWS RATTLE STRIKING AFTER HAVING BEEN STARTLED

AN ALASKAN AFTERNOON

By

Henry Iannone



SHE HAD ONE PAW UPRaised A COUPLE OF INCHES ABOVE THE WATER

IT was a lazy September day. The Alaskan sun beat down with grateful warmth on the spawning creeks of the dog salmon. It was the height of the spawning season and glacier fed streams poured their icy waters into the shallow Kleheenni River which wound like a silver thread through the sand flats below. My purpose in being on the mountain this day was to watch a bear trail that ran down the hill to the river at this point. While lolling in the warm autumn sun I could sense some of the excitement of the spawning creeks; the sharp calling of hungry gulls and the struggling of the spawn-mad salmon as they flopped in the shallows. With my binoculars I could see great flocks of these voracious herring gulls as they flew up and down the river in search of some hapless dog salmon who might have unluckily flopped across a sand-bar. When this happened I could hear their raucous cries as they would congregate by the hundreds to devour the fish. I knew

that in the squabble that ensued the greediest, strongest gull among them would make a choice morsel of the doomed fish's eyes. Great clouds of gulls circled in the air watching the river teeming with thousands of fish, spawning and struggling to get farther up stream. At one time I gaffed about fifty salmon at this identical place without moving from my position. Literally the river was full of fish.

I soon became bored watching birds feed on fish, so I turned my glasses upon two bald eagles soaring lazily in the sky. For half an hour I watched them until they disappeared over the spruce forested mountains. The faint cries of the surfeited gulls, the peaceful sound of falling water, and the caressing whisper of sighing winds lulled me to sleep. When I awoke the sun was low over the western hills. I felt rather ashamed of myself for having deviated from my purpose of looking for bear. Well anyway

I could hardly expect a bear to come down the mountain in broad daylight. Maybe I'd see one yet. Disinterestedly I scanned the river, glinting silver in the light of the setting sun. Retracing my course of sight along the stream my gaze suddenly stopped on a large black object in the water in the shadow of a small brush-covered island. Two smaller black objects sat close together on the sandy beach. One moved. They were bear—three of them, a she bear and her two cubs. With my glasses I watched the old she bear, who was standing perfectly still in a rifle about fifteen inches deep. She had one paw upraised a couple of inches above the water. Both cubs were sitting on their haunches on the beach expectantly awaiting the meal. Soon the old bear saw a salmon forging up the rifle. Cleverly she awaited the precise moment to corner the fish. After a few deft movements of her paw, she gave a quick slap and a silver, flopping dog salmon landed on the beach near the two cubs.

BOTH cubs made a headlong scramble for the flopping fish. One of them started beating the salmon with a tiny claw-tipped paw. The other cub seized the fish (which wasn't a very large one) in his teeth and scurried around the small brush-covered island, closely pursued by his little black brother. Midway around the island the pursuer overtook the heavily burdened pursued. With the salmon in his mouth the leading cub couldn't successfully fight back so he dropped the fish and then a brotherly scuffle took place. Rolling over and over on the sand they bit and clawed and pounded each other in real bear fashion. Finally one of the cubs broke loose and scampered back to his mother, who by this time had several larger fish flopping on the sand. His brother pursued him for a short distance, then sat down and licked first one

(Continued on page 575)

GLIMPSED IN A FLASH

By
DR. STERLING B. TALMAGE

It was Emerson who intimated that our great movements are few—that we catch glimpses of the “undiscovered country” only in flashes. Poe says there is no such thing as a long poem, for the poetic mood or vision or revelation cannot be maintained through any great length of time. In these “flashes” Dr. Sterling Talmage talks enlighteningly of a number of topics.

Major Outlines and Minor Details

I RECENTLY had occasion to drive several times through an area that presented, apparently, some exceptionally interesting physiographic problems. I even made a few side trips to examine some particularly interesting relations between some of the apparently complex land forms. It seemed as though many details must be worked out before the larger relations could be understood.

Then, late one afternoon, I drove through that area during a thunderstorm. The combination of clouds and dusk dimmed the view greatly; but, just as I reached a vantage point on the road, there came a brilliant flash of lightning.

The effect was startling. All the major relations of the land forms stood out in striking clearness, but neither the brilliance nor the duration of the flash was sufficient to bring into my visual consciousness the minor details that, in the sunlight, had appeared so complex as to obscure the greater outlines.

Later detailed work in that area was greatly facilitated; many of the details that had appeared so

complex by themselves proved on study to be merely units in a great and simple pattern, the major outlines of which had been glimpsed in a flash.

Even more valuable was the recognition that the same principle applies, not only to the journey through that territory, but to the journey through life. I have seen many problems, of my own and others, clarified by the momentary recognition, as in a flash, of the major outlines of the greater truths, freed from the confusion of obscuring, though related, minor details.

In the series of incidents, of which this constitutes the introduction, an attempt will be made to suggest some of these great truths, which have proved to be valuable guides in thinking straight. No attempt will be made to sermonize, or to make specific application. Only the major outlines will be stated, as though glimpsed in a flash; the details can be fitted in by the reader, as I have fitted in the details of the landscape in the area described.

Such a fitting of details around a great central truth is a valuable intellectual exercise. I have found it useful as applied to religious, philosophic and scientific problems. The guiding principle may be stated in the words of one of the wisest men I ever knew, delivered to a theological class of which I was a member. The high point of his message to us was:

“Don’t be afraid to think.”

Results of Religious Controversy

THERE are two types of mind, with vastly different approaches to any religious problem.

The first type is more characteristic of the mode of thinking of medieval times. In considering a

possible answer to any question, it inquires, challengingly, “Isn’t that the doctrine?”

The second type is more characteristic of the mode of thinking of the present day. In considering a possible answer to any question, it challenges, inquiringly, “Is that the truth?”

Controversy between two minds of the first type can result, at its worst, only in a clearer understanding.

The first type of mind will automatically reject any truth that does not bear the stamp of his accepted dogma, while the second type of mind must, in honesty, reject any dogma that does not agree with what he accepts as truth.

The Appearance of Evil

SOME years ago, in a ward priesthood meeting, the name of a young man was presented for ordination to a higher office. A grizzled veteran in the church, well known for the rigidity of his ideas, rose and said: “I am not sure he is worthy of advancement; I saw him coming out of a cigar store on Main Street only day before yesterday.”

I happened to know that the young man whose name had been presented not only did not use tobacco, in any form, but could not. One or two experiments as a boy had proved that it was acutely distasteful to him. But when I said a word in his defense the older man replied, unctuously: “We should avoid the very appearance of evil.”

I was curious, and inquired into the circumstances. The cigar store sold candy as well as tobacco, and the young man was employed as a salesman by a candy manufacturer. He had gone into the place, not to buy tobacco, but to sell candy.

What constitutes “the appearance of evil?” The Word of Wis-

dom counsels us to abstain from using certain things; but does it demand that we avoid proximity to those things, as though they were contagious? I think not. If it did, we would be under suspicion if seen entering or leaving a railroad station, where tobacco is sold as well as in cigar stores. Or, since one infraction of the word of wisdom is potentially no more sinful than another, we would be barred from eating in or entering a public restaurant, where coffee is on the bill of fare. We might take bouillon from a soup plate, but not from a cup, lest it be interpreted as a tea-cup. Only one step further would be attaching of a sinful implication to the wearing of a wine-colored necktie — plum-colored would be all right, even if it were the same shade—.

"What utter nonsense!" you say.

But I have heard absurdities just as great as that advocated apparently seriously. Perhaps there is no profit in discussing them.

However, their mention is not a total loss. It has convinced me of one thing, namely:

The "appearance of evil" against which Paul warns us, frequently exists only in the eye of the beholder.

In such a case, where lies the sin?

A Mission, and a Miracle

HERE is one of the finest missionary stories that I know.

A worthy and able man was called on a mission. He delayed his departure, due to personal interests, but while attending to his own affairs he became convinced of the urgency of his call, and entered into his work with true missionary zeal.

His field of labor lay in a foreign city, where he recognized certain serious abuses to which the people were addicted. He preached persuasively and powerfully, not merely condemning the people as sinners, but encouraging them to forsake the evils that beset them. He showed them, convincingly, the dire results that must follow if they persisted in their abuses, and, prophetically inspired, predicted the destruction of the city, and even set a date for it, contingent, as are all prophecies of destruction, on a continuance of the people in their evil ways. His message was a

powerful and logical call to repentance.

Naturally, he caused some excitement, which came to the attention of the city authorities. Instead of stupidly persecuting him, as has often happened, these civic leaders investigated his teachings; recognized the evils against which he complained, and recommended him to the populace.

With the backing of the authorities, his success was phenomenal;



Redwoods

By Cristel Hastings

○ H, prehistoric guardians of the past—
Who knew the ancient trees of other
years.

If you could see today the havoc wrought
To your posterity, what rain of tears
Would melt the rock-bound tombs that
hold you fast—

What searching winds would moan among
the hills

That once were green with hosts of mighty
trees.

What grief would bare the rocks wherein
you lie

And make you rise in protest to the ways
Of those who rend the forest bleak and
gaunt.

You trees who sleep through centuries in
rocks.

If you could know the thoughtlessness of
man

That lays the tallest tree low in a day,
The rocks of earth would fall apart that
you

In liberty, at last, could guard your own.

he made converts of practically all the people in town, leaders and followers alike. An aroused public opinion turned against the abuses that he had denounced, and the whole life of the city was reorganized on the basis of the principles that this missionary taught.

But, in addition to the power of his mission and the gift of prophetic foresight, this man had a streak of human vanity. The date that he had predicted for destruction came and went, and the city continued to thrive in its new righteousness. The missionary, prophetically inspired as he had been, failed in his human weakness to recognize the contingent element in his prediction, and felt himself branded as a false prophet. He slunk away, feeling discredited, and in worrying about it, even began to doubt the source of his inspiration.

It required a miracle to convince him that by saving the people from the threatened destruction, he had been pre-eminently successful, and that the literal fulfillment of the destruction that he had prophesied would have marked the complete failure of his mission. So much for human wisdom.

Yes, that is a fine missionary story. Where did I get it?

I wish I could poll my readers, and see how many of them could answer that question; of those to whom I have told the story, not ten per cent recognized its source.

It is the story of the mission of the Prophet Jonah, with the story of the fish left out.

Previously, I had heard only the story of the fish, with the story of Jonah's mission left out.

Which of these parts of the book teaches the greater truths? Which is more faith-promoting? Which shows best the power of God?

Orthodoxy

I WAS once asked to call at the office of a high-school principal in a distant state, to discuss with him the qualifications of one of my former students, a young man who was being considered for appointment as a teacher of science. This school was not part of the public school system, but was privately endowed, and controlled by a board, most of the members of which belonged to one religious denomination.

While we were talking, a very
(Continued on page 566)

Let's Talk About Personality

By MILDRED BAKER



The first two of Mrs. Baker's Personality articles appeared in recent issues of the Improvement Era. This subject is being recognized as important in the adjustment of the individual to environment, and Mrs. Baker is writing of it in a way to make each article interesting and valuable and the entire series truly worthwhile.

PART III

EMOTIONS are feelings and feelings are so intricately a part of personality, that it is a difficult matter to distinguish one from the other. We humans are all influenced more or less by our emotions, so it is essential that we learn to regard them as factors in the development of the kind of personality which most accurately expresses our individuality, our finer selves.

We have all been influenced at one time or another by strong emotion. We have all at some time experienced emotional disturbances that resulted unpleasantly. No one ever passes through a spasm of rage or anger without experiencing various physical reactions, such as headache, digestive disturbances, mental and physical languor. During such time as we are dominated by this emotion, the pulse is quickened, the features distorted, the muscles taut. Thought is stultified. The mind is paralyzed. We do not think, we feel. We are rendered incapable of reason or coherent thought. For the time being, we are reduced to the plane of primitive savagery. Needless to say, paroxysms of strong emotion have a definite, albeit a detrimental effect upon health.

FEAR, anger, and love have been named the major emotions. Ir-

ritation, anxiety, worry and kindred ills may be regarded as cousins of varying degrees. It will be readily evident that if we are too constantly under the influence of these emotions, we shall surely develop undesirable personality patterns. Even love may be used unwisely. Cloying, possessive, parental love works at cross purposes with successful personality development. Throttle these undesirable emotions, cast them out, lay them aside and forget them? We cannot. They are not so easily disposed of. What can we do then? We can find constructive outlets for them. We can sublimate them. Remember this, that no human being who is aware of his own power, finds need of resorting to emotional upheavals.

A child will resort to anger, rage, a show of fierce, flaming resentment when he meets resistance. As adults, however, we should have attained an emotional stability that finds no need for such defense mechanisms. Emotional stability is gained not by shutting our eyes to the existence of emotions and seeking to ignore or inhibit them. That will never do the job. We are then merely playing ostrich, hiding our heads in the sands of delusion. Emotions, both good and bad, demand an outlet and find it, they will. We can guide the

flow of our emotions, however, as a gardener guides the tiny rivulet in his pansy beds by providing proper and constructive outlets for them. We can learn to regard life calmly, to reconcile thinking and feeling in a fusion of logical effectiveness. Such a simple expedient as collecting stamps or milk bottle tops is often sufficient to satisfy a boy's natural yearning to gather specimens. He finds emotional satisfaction in collecting, classifying, labeling and displaying them. Such a little thing denied the boy, either through lack of understanding the boy and his needs or through indifference to them, may lead to such serious consequences as stealing. Provide satisfactory emotional outlets and emotional stability is assured child and adult alike.

SENTIMENT, too, is a fine, a splendid thing in its place but it is too often out of place. And when we recognize its place, do we always keep it there? Nothing is more negative in its effect upon growth and development than the unfortunate cultivation of sickly sweet sentimentalism—sentimentalism regarding parent and child relations, the facts of life and growth, one's attitudes toward living. The story of the woman who wept with pity at the spectacle

of the homeless waif fighting to survive the fury of the mechanical storm in the theatre, while yet unmindful of her own coachman freezing outside as he waited for her on a frigid winter night, serves to illustrate the kind of sentiment we have been discussing. We adults are often prone to interfere with the free development of personality in our children, in the deluded notion that we are helping them. Children are individuals. They need wise, sympathetic guidance. But we, who in an effort to be good parents, kind and understanding, often feel it our duty, even our privilege, to wrap the cloak of our own individuality too closely about our loved ones. We deliberately set about to influence all their conscious thinking; we shield them constantly from the rigors of a "harsh," "cruel" world; we protect them always against other individuals, against themselves, against life in general. We do not know we are doing them a grave injustice, that we are making it practically impossible for them to develop a positive, constructive personality of their own, or to make necessary personality adjustments and achieve well balanced individualities.

Let us, therefore, acquaint ourselves more fully with the deep, satisfying joy of knowing real emotional stability, of attaining emotional maturity. Let us incorporate in our lives the virtue of unselfishness and control. Let us be broad in our sympathies, ever on the alert for healthy, constructive outlets for our own emotions and those of our children. Thus will we successfully mount the second step on our stairway to a charming personality.

WE now approach the third step in the ascent up the stairway to a charming personality. This third step is the physical plane. A charming personality is a result of a harmonious combination of mental discipline, emotional stability, physical fitness and other qualities which we shall talk about later, which betokens an inward beauty gleaming through such physical attributes as clear, clean, softly firm skin; bright, shining eyes; lustrous hair; well kept nails; neatly shod feet and a sweet, clean, well groomed person. More specifically, personality is given physical expression through posture and the speaking voice.

The person who attracts, who possesses qualities of likableness, almost always walks erect, head up, shoulders back. His graceful, easy carriage suggests confidence, courage, a cheerful optimism that never fails to evoke admiration. It implies glowing health, hope, a mental alertness. Good posture presupposes a pleasing personality. One is practically impossible without the other. Make this experiment some day when you are tired, discouraged, worried or upset and see how it works out.

Stand before your mirror. Look at those sagging facial muscles, that listless expression in your eyes, the drooping head and rounded shoulders. A pitiful picture, isn't it? Now, inhale slowly, evenly, deeply. Exhale in the same manner. Once, twice, three times. Notice that head come up, those shoulders straighten. Ah! That's better, that's better. Now stand "tall," erect. Pull back those shoulders! Expand that chest! Hold up that chin and smile! Now look at those eyes! Bright, glowing. Feel better? Of course you do. Can't help it. As an experiment, it's great fun. As evidence that physical condition affects personality development, it is important.

Personality also hinges closely upon the speaking voice. Perhaps more than any single quality, we are attracted or repelled by a person's speaking voice. Our voice tells an amazingly frank story about us as individuals. The poised, happy, well controlled person speaks in a quiet, well modulated voice that has a physiologically pleasing effect. The reverse is true of the impatient, cross, irritable, worried, fearful or angry person. Such persons have a harsh, strident, broken, unlovely voice. It induces irritation, resentment and resistance in others.

THE quality of one's voice remains, for the most part, just about as it was given to him by nature but that quality can be greatly modified by the way in which it is used. We can all help to cultivate a pleasant quality of voice, to employ clean cut enunciations by removing some of the common obstacles in our way. Common environmental influences that affect voice production adversely are noise and confusion. We can all contribute to the cultivation of quiet, calm talking habits within the family circle by elimi-

nating or at least reducing the degree of noise and confusion that surrounds us. What happens when we all endeavor to talk at once or when we try to talk above the radio? Our voices become high, shrill, harsh, grating. We can attune the radio to a softer tone. We can wait until there is an opportunity to be heard, to tell what we have to tell. Courtesy and personal consideration will provide ample opportunity for all to do a share of talking. We can refrain from unnecessary slamming of doors, dragging of chairs across the floors and from making other common household noises. And we can ponder over this thought. Happy contented people invariably speak in lower, softer, sweeter tones than those who are not happy or contented. If you find yourself shouting at the children about dinner time or near bed time, it may be because you're tired, over-tired. A sufficient reason surely for impatience. Yes, but not a sufficient reason why you should give way to your emotion, be dominated by your physical condition to the point where you feel the necessity of shouting and in other ways disrupting the morale of the family circle. Perhaps you've noticed that when you're cross and irritable, the children seem more difficult to handle and that that's the time when most "scenes" occur. Your instability is clearly evident to your children and they unconsciously partake of it. You will, under the circumstances, need to avoid overtaxing your physical strength by unnecessary strain or overwork. Work is a glorious privilege and to be reasonably tired at the end of a good day's work is a healthy condition; but fatigue from overwork, driving one's body beyond its physical endurance is grave folly and inconsiderate of the other members of your family who must either submit to your irritability or retaliate by giving way themselves.

Everyone can learn to exercise control and moderation in physical activity and direct physical expression into channels that lead to ever greater opportunity for development of personality and charm. Cultivate constructive physical habits of good posture, carriage, voice and charm of personal appearance, order and system in your home and you will have ascended the third step up the stairway to a charming personality.



A BUMP on the HEAD

From the

Medical and Staff Health Service,
Brigham Young University

BUMPS on the head, like our troubles, are great and small. Indeed the similarity may not cease there. Just as trouble in prospect assumes terrifying proportions, only to shrivel up and vanish on closer acquaintance, so head injuries which seem terrible at first may prove not very serious. Also, as situations we consider of no consequence may bring us profound grief, so may a blow upon the cranium, so slight that we pay little attention to it, lay the individual low even to death.

A student in the bloom of beginning manhood, while doing some backward diving, struck his head upon a pool wall. The bump was not severe enough even to interfere with his coming up accurately at the end of his dive, but he did remark that it caused some headache for a time. During the next several days, he did his school work and seemed quite himself, except for occasional headache following such exertion as playing in the gymnasium, wrestling, or running for the bus. Ten days after his injury he had a sudden, more severe attack of pain, and was nauseated. Later he vomited sev-

eral times; and that evening had a violent convulsion, which greatly alarmed his people.

The doctor found his heart nearing complete exhaustion, from forcing blood to the brain against a pressure within the cranium which was five times greater than normal. Despite speedy action to lower the pressure as rapidly as limits of safety would permit, the boy died of heart failure, without regaining consciousness following his convulsion.

THIS patient was a bleeder, and the bump he received, mild as it was, broke a small blood vessel within the brain case, allowing some hemorrhage. Healing processes are slower in those who are subject to bleeding; and, each time before Nature succeeded in sealing off the broken vessel, exertion broke it anew. Each hemorrhage caused a sustained rise of pressure, because blood cells clogged the filters through which excess of cerebrospinal fluid finds its way back into the veins. Every increase of pressure there added greatly to the heart's work: for the brain must be nourished at all costs. Such progressive overloading of the heart

cannot go on for many days, before even that courageous organ will snap under the strain.

One of Utah's able artists, a man of great worth to his community, fell upon an icy sidewalk, striking his head so that he was dazed for a short time. Thinking little of it, he went on to his classroom and taught through part of the afternoon. Then, suffering some headache, he went home to lie down. Several hours passed before members of his family, who supposed him to be sleeping, discovered that he could not be aroused and called a physician. The doctor found him dying and quite beyond possibility of help.

Contrast these two cases with that of the miner who, while drilling out a shot, had a rock drill blown through his head endwise, yet lived for many years able to perform his usual daily tasks, and one may readily accept the axiom that "no head injury is so slight as to be despised, and none so great as to be despised of."

As our methods of transportation economize on time of transit, with little regard for material expenditure, care, or caution; and as our daily lives are speeded up in every other particular, more and more skull injuries are occurring. Sex, occupation, age, and condition of life make little difference. They occur from birth pressure; they are bringing down the young and active; they happen in the aged and helpless. In view of which it

(Continued on page 567)



PHILADELPHIA—FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

WITHIN the last few years, the seriousness of the problem of unemployment has been generally recognized by the American public. Unemployment, it is now conceded, is a very genuine threat to our present order of society. Its harmful effects are well known.

On the social side, when unemployment is widespread business becomes demoralized, social and industrial strife in the form of riots and strikes are prevalent and the social institutions on which our civilization rests—the home, school, church and form of government—are undermined and eroded by the dark fear and unrest that grips the people.

From the standpoint of the individual, the effects of unemployment may be seen in the breakdown of self-respect and morale, and in the loss of regular habits and of health through the lack of proper living-incentives, food, clothing, medical care and recreation.

The causes of unemployment are complex and not too well known. Formerly, unemployment was thought to result principally from "hard times" brought about through some great scarcity in the productions of nature or from major inefficiencies in man's industrial machinery—causes over which man had little or uncertain control. America, during recent years, has

SOCIAL

The author of this article sets forth his reasons for believing that a government-operated, free employment service must come along with social planning, if we are to solve many of our troublesome problems. Of course there is a free employment service now in most of our cities which may be used by those seeking employment.

experienced the much-mentioned paradox of widespread want and unemployment in the midst of the greatest productivity of nature and the greatest industrial efficiency known to history.

What, then, are the causes of unemployment in America? The experts, it seems, are divided on the subject. Some say that it is due to our loss of foreign trade. Others, that it is due to the gold standard or to the towering structure of debts that has been built up. Yet others say that it is due to increases in technological efficiency, or to the machinations of Wall Street bankers or to basic inequalities in the distribution of the nation's income.

Depressions go hand in hand with unemployment; and in "Our Economic Society," Rexford G. Tugwell, under-secretary of agri-

culture, and Howard C. Hill say: "The chief causes of depressions seem to be (1) overproduction of specific articles due to poor coordination within industry and (2) failure of coordination between production and consumption due to faulty distribution of purchasing power."

Thus the causes of unemployment and depressions are by no means agreed upon; and the remedies offered are equally divergent. Certain die-hard exponents of old-time American finance are still contending that unemployment and depressions are inevitable and that if business and the country are left alone conditions will eventually right themselves.

At the same time, more progressive students of the nation's affairs contend that through better

coordination and planning, both from industrial and social standpoints, unemployment and periods of depression can be eliminated, or at least can be greatly reduced. It is through the efforts of this latter group that a national system of public employment offices has been put into active operation in America today.

The precise role that a system of public employment offices can play in public planning is worth considering. Although new in practice to America, such offices have been used for years in many European countries, so that their functions are fairly well known. But before considering employment offices directly, it may be well to outline certain aspects of the unem-

ployment problem. In the third place, unemployment is a permanent problem. Although business may improve and the affairs of the nation may be placed on a much stabler basis than exists today, technological advances, the steady increase in population, seasonal and periodical fluctuations in business, the rapidity of changes in industrial trends and the growing interdependence of economic conditions will still leave unemployment as a menace to our civilization. Permanent measures specifically designed to check and control unemployment would seem to be essential if the average American job-holder is to be relieved from the fear and insecurity of losing his income every few years through social causes.

signed to be a permanent and constructive social measure, operated on a national scale, to aid in the control of unemployment. Its first and most practical function is to efficiently correlate the available workers with all available jobs.

From the standpoint of the employer, such a service offers valuable aid. Without some central clearing-house an employer must spend considerable time and money in finding qualified workers. If he puts an "ad" in the papers during times of distress, he must interview dozens of applicants before finding one that is suitable; and during prosperous times, his work may be delayed for weeks before he is able to locate skilled workmen of the sort he needs.

SINCE the public employment service registers and classifies all

By A. S. CANNON

PLANNING

—and a Public Employment Service

employment problem that are closely related to the function of such offices.

NOW in spite of the confusion that exists in regard to the causes and cure of unemployment, our experiences during recent years have clearly defined at least three of the problem's characteristics. In the first place, unemployment is no longer considered to be the fault solely of the unemployed individual. It is now recognized that a large part of the responsibility rests with society, that the causes of unemployment are largely beyond the individual's control. Because of this, society is clearly obligated to take such measures as it can towards the prevention of unemployment.

In the second place, unemployment has come to be a national and not a local problem. Due to the mobility of the American worker, no locality can solve the problem alone because as soon as definite headway is made in one area large numbers of unemployed will move in from less successful areas. To be truly effective, any preventive measures that are taken must be national, not local, in scope.

LAST NAME COPY		FIRST NAME NR	WORK QUALIFIED FOR Truck Driver		OCCUPATIONAL CLASSIFICATION Auto Mechanic	
ADDRESS CHANCE OF ADDRESS		PAY EXPECTED 0		TRADE UNION 0		CITIZEN X
CHANGE OF TEL. NO. 0		VETERAN 0		TRADE UNION 0		FIRST PAPER 0
TEL. NO. 0		ADULT GRADE IN GRADEMAN OR HIGH SCHOOL 0		ADULT GRADE IN GRADEMAN OR HIGH SCHOOL 0		AGE AT LEAVING 0
AGE 35		HEIGHT 5-9		WEIGHT 140		NO. OF EMPLOYERS 0
DATE BORN 1900		SINGLE 0		MARRIED 0		OTHER LANGUAGES 0
TAXES 0		YRS. IN U.S. 4		IN COUNTY 0		OTHER LANGUAGES 0
NATIONALITY American		YRS. IN U.S. 13		IN COUNTY 13		OTHER LANGUAGES 0
CITY 0		LIVE AT WORK X		LIVE AT HOME 0		OTHER LANGUAGES 0
COLOR 0		PHYSICAL HANDICAP 0		PHYSICAL HANDICAP 0		OTHER LANGUAGES 0
EMPLOYER—LAST REGULAR JOB H. & H. Carriage, Part owner		ADDRESS 0		DATE LEFT June 1933		TIME ON JOB 1 year
DUTY—LAST REGULAR JOB Auto Mechanic		DATE LEFT June 1933		TIME ON JOB 1 year		RATE OF PAY 0
EMPLOYED—WORKED FOR LASTEST 0		DATE LEFT June 1933		TIME ON JOB 1 year		RATE OF PAY 0
DUTY—LAST REGULAR JOB Auto Mechanic & Acetylene Welder		DATE LEFT June 1933		TIME ON JOB 1 year		RATE OF PAY 0
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DUTY—LAST REGULAR JOB Auto Mechanic & Acetylene Welder		DATE LEFT June 				

are no qualified workers of the sort needed in the region, the service can readily locate such workers through its national organization. Also, with a public employment system in operation, employers are not besieged by a host of idle workers seeking jobs. They apply at the employment office, instead.

In addition to the time and money saved to employers in actual employment, the service gathers work-records and histories of workers that have a definite value in helping the employer select his force. Such data can be far more extensive and complete than any private firm could afford to gather. By using these work-records and the experienced employment personnel of the offices, the employer is able to make a wiser selection of workers than he could make without such aids.

Then, too, the statistics gathered by the service offer an accurate index to business conditions, and may be of assistance to the employer in calculating industrial and economic trends. Or where an employer is planning work in some region with which he is unfamiliar, the service is able to inform him concerning the types and amounts of labor available there.

From the standpoint of the worker, a system of public employment offices makes his search for a job comparatively easy. Instead of tramping through miles and miles of city streets each day, he need merely keep his registration at the employment office in order. And instead of drifting from city to city and from state to state following rumors of work, he may stay quietly at his home assured that when actual work is available he will be notified.

It is sometimes argued that such a system tends to rob the worker of initiative. To the contrary, it gives the worker's initiative free play. Instead of wasting his time and slender substance in uselessly seeking work, he may use them in acquiring the training that will fit him for a better job. Or he can make needed repairs on his home or other property. Or he can develop some desirable avocation.

Also, public employment offices save the worker from labor racketeers. Unscrupulous fee-charging agencies and politicians have frequently exploited the unemployed in the past, but neither of these have room to work when an effi-

cient public employment system is operating.

The worker also may receive sound vocational guidance through the service. The statistics gathered enable the service to determine which occupations are expanding and which are closing down. Vocational tests can be given, and the trained employment personnel can offer the worker competent advice that will enable him to better plan and prepare for the future.

Thus, in the matter of directly aiding employers and workers alike, a public employment service meets a genuine need; and it is able to operate, from this standpoint, on a cost-efficiency basis. The service stimulates employment by making employment easy. Also, through the use of work-records and experienced employment personnel, workers are placed at the jobs for which they are best adapted so that their efficiency is greater and the labor turnover is smaller. Vocational standards and classifications are developed, and the employment situation is organized. All of which has a stabilizing effect on industry, thus tending directly to lessen the menace of depressions and unemployment.

But in spite of the practical value of a public employment system, its greatest possibilities for service lie in its more truly social effects and in the basis that it supplies for intelligent social planning.

ONE of the primary aims of a public employment service,

from a social standpoint, is the control and regulation of the migration of workers. During recent years, the movement of workers in pursuit of jobs has become a serious social problem. The rapid movement of large masses of the population from place to place results in the disintegration of social controls. The employment service is able to regulate this flow of labor by supplying only local men for jobs as long as qualified local men are available. When they are not, the service is able to bring workmen from those outside regions having an oversupply. In this way, any necessary movement of workers can be accomplished in an orderly manner; and by intelligently transferring workers in terms of over-populated areas it is possible to more nearly balance the population in terms of industrial development.

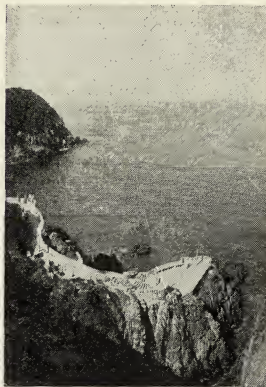
A better balance between industrial groups also may be accomplished. When labor surpluses are discovered in occupations, the employment service can direct newcomers into lines having greater opportunities, and the least successful and the poorly-qualified workers in the crowded groups can be qualified for work in less crowded lines through vocational rehabilitation.

By a proper analysis and coordination of jobs, men with physical disabilities may be aided in fitting into industry. Ordinarily, there are a great many able-bodied men doing work that partially-disabled men can do equally well. Through the coordinating facilities of a public employment service such jobs could be given to the physically-handicapped and the able-bodied men could be used elsewhere.

An employment service would aid "problem" workers, also. Frequently, such workers drift from one job to another for years without anyone realizing why they fail to fit in. Through the work-records that are gathered, the service is soon able to determine "problem" workers and they can then be turned over to case-workers who are able to rehabilitate many such cases at a great saving to society.

The employment service may serve as a laboratory for employment problems. Psychological tests are being developed in some of the model employment offices in the eastern states that are reported

(Continued on page 568)



Photo—H. R. M.
THE PACIFIC, ACAPULCO, MEXICO

POETRY



The Scientist

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

THE first great scientist was God.
No laboratory in the land
Has ever held a seed, or pod,
Or chemical at its command
He did not give. No learned mind
Has any principle discerned,
Or any fact could ever find,
That was not from His research learned.

He made the patterns rich and fine
To which all wondrous things are wrought.
The treasure of the deepest mine
And farthest ether are His thought.
He planned each life form in the sea,
Each glory of the flowering sod.
Yet some would have them disagree—
This world of science and its God.

Drink Deep

Mabel Winter Wilson

DRINK deep! Life's golden joys lie all
about
And Nature yields her symphony of
sounds—

The silence of the forest is a shout
To the far hills where harmony abounds.
Wind-kissed, the waters lap my lone canoe,
The dripping paddle dips with rhythmic
sigh,

Junc clouds send shafts of sunlight flash-
ing through
To lave their fingers in the melody.

Drink deep! The morning hours run
swiftly by
As runs the sand from out the glass of
Time.

The Universe, quiescent, lies enthralled
To catch and hold God's harmony sublime.
So comes my bark unto the farther shore
Where I shall drink, drink deep, forever-
more.

Lips That Are Loyal to Laughter

By Edith Cherrington

LIPS that are loyal to laughter!
Happy and wholly free!
Summer that knows no fading!
Sisters of ecstasy!

Lips that are loyal to laughter!
Beautiful lips are these,
Leaving forever after
The sweetest of memories.

Lips that are loyal to laughter.
These are the lips that've sung
The music of life immortal,
The song of the ever young.

Slumber Song

By Rena Stotenburg Travaix

SLEEP my baby, sleep tonight;
The little winds go whispering by.
The rose has faded from the sky,
A white moth drifts along the pane.
The peacock shrilly calls for rain;
Your bed is soft, your pillow white,
Sleep my baby, sleep tonight.

Sleep my baby, sleep tonight;
The door is shut, the curtain drawn,
Against all comers save the dawn.
The firelight softly glows and gleams.
Upon her rug the kitten dreams,
My love shall guard 'til morning light,
Sleep my baby, sleep tonight.

Sleep my baby, sleep tonight,
The way is long that you must go,
The world is grim that you must know.
So much to learn, so much to do,
So many things that wait for you;
Rose petal hands, eyes shut so tight,
Sleep my baby, sleep tonight.

Great Salt Lake

By Alice Lee Eddy

OH salty sea of tears, your ceaseless flow
From what unfathomed well of grief
must spring!

How limitless the sorrow that can bring
This gush of tears, these silent sobs of woe!
Is it some bitter hurt of long ago—
Some dim and distant, long-remembered
thing

For which Earth Mother mourns? Vol-
canoes fling
Her anger forth. Her frowns the stark
crags show.

She smiles in sundrenched valleys, green
and wide,
And sings in forest cataracts and streams.
Still, icy peaks are majesty and pride;
The brooding, purple deserts are her
dreams.

But here she weeps, unsolaced through the
years
Deep sea of heartbreak, salty sea of tears.

There Is No End!

By Grace Kaye

THE end is nothing more than the be-
ginning;

The end of today, is merely the beginning
of tomorrow—

The end of winter, is the beginning of
summer—

The end of life, means death—
And death, is nothing more
Than the beginning of a new life.

Therefore—there is no end!

The pattern of life, is as round as earth
itself.

Beyond Belief

By Ardyth Kennelly

O LILY she has golden hair
That's wonderful to see,
And Celia she has violet eyes—
But Joe's in love with me!

And Ruth she wears her furs and rings
As handsome as can be,
And Mary bought a golden gown—
But Joe's in love with me!

He told me so a-Sunday,
The world it spun around,
I guess I don't want golden hair—
Or any golden gown!

It's wonderful and strange and queer,
O how can such things be?
But Joe—he told me so himself—
Joe's in love with me!

"Wooden Wheels"

By Lowell C. Ballard

A FLEET of schooners slowly respond
To the leaning weight of obedient
oxen.

The dull musical chuckle
Of Wooden Wheels pervade the stifled air,
As through pools of powdered, churning
dust
They splash.

Along the rim of deepened ruts—
Between the crackling, cloven hoofs
Of laboring oxen—
Small puffs of earth explode
And choke the heavy-laden air.
Close beside,
Thin blades of grey, stark grass
Lie bowed beneath a scorching sun.

The swollen lips of man and beast
Wax parched and dry.
Plaintive cries, hoarse shouts,
Enduring songs—a tumult
Moves across the desert waste.

Erupting dust begins
A devil-dance above the tortured ground;
A mocking circle of dust that spirals
Far into the blue.
Intent, a buzzard—wheeling—whirling—
Looks down through the shimmering veil
of heat—

His distorting spectacles of hate—
Upon the mute spectacle below.

Headless Wooden Wheels.
Fleeting serpent trails of liquid dust
That lead toward the flaming western rim.

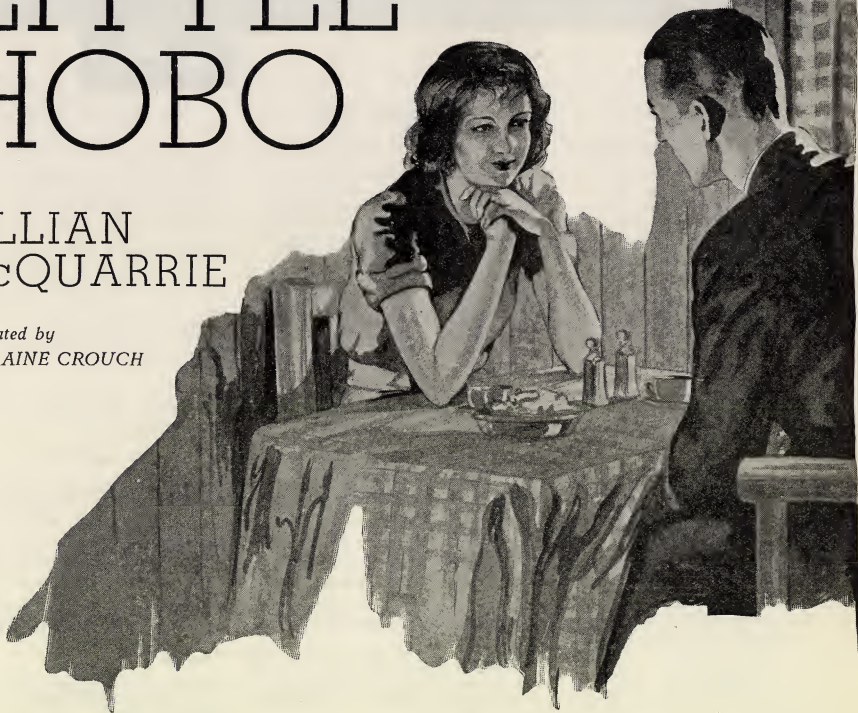
A hub, a spoke, a tire, a pin, a felly or
spindle
Marks a hazard halt or lonely grave—
The grim insignia
Of Wooden Wheels.

LITTLE HOBO

By

LILLIAN
McQUARRIE

Illustrated by
LORRAINE CROUCH



"YOU SEEM NERVOUS, UNCLE OSCAR," SAID THE GIRL. "COULD I HELP YOU BY LISTENING TO YOUR LONG, SAD STORY?" SHE WAS SMILING, BUT HER QUESTION WAS SINCERE, AND THE MAN OPPOSITE HER FELT IT AND RESPONDED.

BETTY LEE looked out across Royal Gorge and into a sky that matched her eyes. Now that she was no longer appalled by its awful vastness, the great chasm fascinated her. When she had first glimpsed it, she had turned away quickly. It had made little shivers go up and down her spine, with its utter, overwhelming immensity. It had made her shrink to unbelievable smallness. Now, as she sat on the steps of the hotel alone, she sighed deeply. She was beginning to love it. She could stay here forever! But she must leave—

"Magnificent, isn't it?" Betty was startled. She looked up. He was tall, and had a square chin, behind a two day's growth of beard, and a friendly smile. His nose was singularly attractive—

his best feature—and his eyes were quiet and grey.

"Yes," said Betty Lee, turning back toward the rivers of blue mist that formed a line about an inch from the top of the gorge.

To her surprise the tall young man came forward and sat down beside her, dangling his long legs over the edge of the cement porch. He turned to her.

"You don't mind if I sit here and chin a bit?"

She was glad he had come. He seemed very friendly.

"See," he said, when he finally got settled, pointing a long finger, "that tiny peak out there beyond the turn in the river bed?"

Betty looked but could not exactly locate the point he meant. The young man moved a little closer to her and pointed again so

that her eyes might follow the direction he indicated.


"That little peak that looks about as high as a thimble. Can't you see it?"

"Oh, yes," said Betty at last, smiling. "What about it?"

"Well, they tell me that it's called 'Suicide Peak'."

"Suicide Peak?" Her fine brows arched in question.

"Yes. It is tradition that an Indian loved a young maiden who belonged to an enemy tribe, and his father, who was chief, would not allow them to marry. So the stricken young man went up to the top of that peak, after weeks and weeks of climbing and traveling and swimming across the river down there—which is really very swift and dangerous—and reached that little thimble peak at sunrise.



"unless you take it in hand, yourself. Then you can make it turn out happily."

He said nothing, and for a few moments they sat in silence the girl wondering if he had heard. Suddenly he snapped open the flap of a leather holster at his side and drew out a pair of field glasses. He adjusted them and held them to his eyes.

"Look at the peak through these," he said, at last. "I think they're focused properly."

Betty held them up to her eyes and suddenly the scene was brought before her, very near and very startling. All over the peak in question, which was very large, grew pine trees. For a moment she sat staring at it, her lips parted, her light brown hair disheveled in the wind. She could feel his eyes on her.

"I don't believe that story," she laughed. "They couldn't jump from that peak. There are too many trees."

"I'm very sorry," the man answered mournfully, his eyes twinkling, "I hoped you would. I just made it up." Their laughter rang out in the still air, and its echo was caught up and tossed back to them by the distant rim of the gorge.

"It's funny," said the girl, a moment later, looking through the glasses again. "I've been here a week and I didn't dream it looked like that."

"A week?" he asked. Betty handed back the glasses and he looked through them again. "I just got here this morning. I ran away."

"Did you?"

"Yes." His voice was confidential, and amused, as though they were fellow conspirators. He placed the glasses beside him on the step and looked into her eyes. "I ran away. I'm a tramp—a hobo."

BETTY'S eyes were wide, but she caught his twinkle and smiled.

"So am I—a hobo."

"Where are you from?"

The girl hesitated a moment and then countered, "Where are you?" "Boston."

"Must be—ten miles or more," said Betty, scratching her head.

A gale of mirth followed this. "I'm a long way from home," he said, "thank the Great Spirit! But I'm going to be discovered tomorrow—and then—"

"What?"

"I'll have to give all of this up—my freedom—everything."

"Who is going to discover you? Your mother?" Betty was not smiling, but her companion looked at her closely.

"You're making fun of me," he said. "I'm over twenty-one—which is more than you can say."

Betty said nothing. It was true, but she would not admit it to this strange man.

"You didn't answer my question," he reminded her, "which had to do with your little home town."

Betty sat silently staring into space. Seeing her reluctance, he dismissed the question.

"Never mind. I'm sorry. But the mountains, and this invigorating air make the world seem so friendly to me that for a moment I forgot we were strangers."

His manner was stiffening. Betty suddenly flashed him a disarming smile.

"You are forgiven," she said.

"I'm glad. Say," he began with new enthusiasm, "Wouldn't you like to walk over there toward the edge and look down, through the glasses? Come on!"

IT was a hair-raising experience, and although the girl felt as though she were in a position to be hurled to sudden death, she steeled herself against crying out.

"Every girl I know," he said, warmly, as they turned their backs on the chasm, "would have shrieked out when they saw that sight! I like you for being a—a gentleman." There was a moment of silence in which Betty felt amply repaid for the self-control she had exercised, and then he asked:

"What party are you with?"

"None," said Betty, simply.

"None! You mean you're traveling alone?"

"Why not? I told you I was a hobo."

(Continued on page 563)

He threw himself from the top of it in defiance of his father, who had high hopes for him, politically. That is to say," he grinned, "tribally. All the Indians that I have encountered agree on that story. Some of them say the girl followed his noble example. Some hotly deny it. It's a good story, what?"

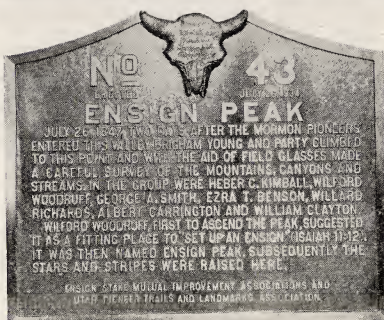
"Awfully," agreed Betty Lee, a shade doubtfully. "But not a happy one."

He smiled. Betty liked his smile. It did something to her. She caught her breath sharply and looked again at the peak in the distance. She found that it was harder to look into his eyes, now that he had smiled like that.

"You like happy endings," he said, slowly. "So do I. But life isn't like that." He shook his head, and the corners of his mouth tightened with a downward tendency. "Real life," he said, "plays tricks on you, and traps you, and turns out badly."

Betty looked at him steadily for a long moment. He was watching Suicide Peak.

"It does," the girl agreed at last,



THE PLAQUE PLACED ON THE MONUMENT ON ENSIGN PEAK

An Ensign to the Nations

EIGHTY-SEVEN years ago on July 26 eight men climbed to the summit of Ensign Peak, from which Main Street in Salt Lake City might have been laid out, so directly south from the base of the peak does it run. Among the company were Brigham Young, the leader; George A. Smith and Wilford Woodruff, two of his able lieutenants.

On July 26, this year, a monument placed on the peak by Ensign Stake made from stones from many places including more than 80 stakes, was dedicated. Among those assembled were President Heber J. Grant and his cousin and First Counselor Anthony W. Ivins, the one nearing his seventy-eighth birthday and the other his eighty-second, who played around and upon the peak nearly three quarters of a century ago. Sons and grandsons and great grandsons and great granddaughters of Brigham Young were present, as were Superintendent George Albert Smith, master of ceremonies and son of George A. Smith who visited the peak that first day eighty-seven years ago.

President Grant, President Ivins, and Superintendent Smith all made short addresses, the Reverend John E. Carver, of Ogden, being the principal speaker.

In the course of his remarks President Grant said that when President Brigham Young made his famous statement "This is the Place," he did not have in mind little Salt Lake Valley only, but all of the Great Basin and intermountain region.

"Had President Young secured from the nation the grant for which he asked," President Grant continued, "Utah would have included a part of Idaho, a part of Wyoming and Colorado, a part of Nevada, all of Arizona and even a part of the southern tip of the state of California. Had he received that grant there would have been no six states making a Colorado River pact; Utah would have been another Texas."

President Grant stated that he was born on the exact spot where the Z. C. M. I. now stands and that he had seen during his lifetime prac-

tically every public building and many of the dwellings of the present city erected.

Ensign Peak, to the Latter-day Saints, is one of the most beloved of all western landmarks and that is true whether the Latter-day Saint has ever seen Salt Lake City and the valley over which the peak stands guard or not. Symbolically it represents the exact spot where the ensign to the nations was "set up in the tops of the mountains."

Although Old Glory flew from the first improvised flag pole on the peak and still flies, on special occasions, from the fine metal tripod now erected, Latter-day Saints saw enveloping and overshadowing and protecting the Glorious Banner another banner "not of this world"—the banner of the Kingdom of God.

It is fitting that Ensign Stake, named from the peak which it surrounds, should mark the historical spot with this monument. It was thoughtful of them to invite all of the stakes of Zion to send a stone to be placed in the monument; and fine of so many stakes to respond.

As the crowds of people witnessing the ceremony turned from the monument to look down upon the beautiful city at their feet and the valley which spread away to the encircling embrace of mountains and the lake which lay like a piece of sky dropped from heaven to the northwest, over which the fires of the closing day had been kindled, exclamations of delight—almost of awe, burst from their lips:

"How peaceful, how safe, how splendid that valley must have looked eighty-seven years ago the great Capitol crowning its own hill were but



AT THE UNVEILING OF THE ENSIGN PEAK MONUMENT. CENTER, PRES. HEBER J. GRANT; LEFT, PRES. A. W. IVINS; RIGHT, SUPT. GEORGE ALBERT SMITH.

dreams! How tenderly beautiful, how fulfilling they all seem now!"

No wonder that they sang the third stanza of "Come, Come Ye Saints" with fervor:

"We'll find the place which God for us prepared

Far away in the West;

Where none shall come to hurt or make afraid,

There the Saints will be blessed.

We'll make the air with music ring,

Shout praises to our God and King—

Above the rest these words we'll tell,

All is well—all is well!"

Prelude to Several Things

THE day this editorial is being written is a scorcher—official temperatures are soaring and unofficial ones on the front porches of the nation go still higher. It is too hot to think of heat; too dry to talk of drouth; too withering to speak of sunstroke. The one saving possibility is to pull the shades a little, drink a swallow of ice-water and play that Thanksgiving is just around the corner; and if possible to shiver.

And after all, isn't Thanksgiving just in the offing, with Christmas and the New Year only a step farther than that? In the sense of timelessness which comes into life after the first few years Thanksgivings and Christmases are never very far away. Before it seems possible turkeys have left the field and fence and are hanging in featherless immodesty on butcher's hooks, and holly and tinsel sprout in store windows. With a rush and scramble we realize that it is time to get ready for the holidays—to clean and plan and figure for others—and joy enters our souls in our forgetfulness of self and gratitude for and toward others, and toward the Giver of all.

It isn't necessary to feel the actual tang in the air and smell apples in the basement before we contact the contagion of Thanksgiving and Christmas. It isn't even desirable to postpone consideration of good resolutions until the sound of pistol shots in a starry night arouses us to the realization that another year has dawned. To procrastinate in this way is to lose much of the charm and magic of the holiday spirit; to limit gladness and joy which should and could be illimitable and measureless. Today can be a prelude to Thanksgiving, and today can be fraught with humble worshipful realization that Christ was born in a manger, and today can be the day that stock of ourselves is taken and weaknesses recognized and catalogued and resolutions for improvement formulated and equipped with a self-starter.

What is there to be thankful for today? The fact that America is still the land of the free and that war-clouds hovering over the world have not cast their shadows across our fair domain is reason enough for gratitude to last indefinitely. Thinking through the day and its blessings every human being in America could compile a list almost end-

less. I'm grateful today for a vacuum cleaner which makes fresh our rooms without strangling us with dust; for scientific understanding of bacteriology which directed me in a method of putting into bottles the ripe fruit we could not eat today and saving it for winter when we will eat it with thanks and whole wheat bread. I'm thankful for a telephone which enabled me to speak to an absent friend who could help me with a suggestion for taking rust-stain out of a new white skirt; and for the mail-service which brought a message of cheer from across the continent to invigorate me with its sweetness. I'm thankful for water and a tub that the benison of cleanliness might be mine; for a flower blooming in a forgotten corner of the garden to tell me that courage conquers obstacles. There isn't room to list the hundreds of other thanks-winning blessings—the smile of a little daughter, the unasked expression of friendship from a neighbor, the courtesy of a total stranger on the street. Today—and every day—is full of causes for gratitude—a prelude to Thanksgiving!

What are the gifts I can give today? Consideration to an idea expressed by one whose ideas I do not like, as a rule. Perhaps I might learn to see that they are better than mine. I can give the gift of cheer to the man on the street who lost both legs in the war; a penny might seem like charity to him but a bottle of water to drink without effort will not. I can give the service of my hands in preparing clothes and food for tomorrow, the Sabbath day, that those who depend on me may have moments of tranquility otherwise difficult. I can give silence to those I might offend by speaking hastily; and speech to those who will be lifted by my word of appreciation. Today—and every day—is full of gifts to be giving—a prelude to Christmas!

What preparation can I make for the New Year which will appear on the horizon of days so incredibly soon? After all, each day is the beginning of a new year, and calendars have little to do with character. January will bring no magic potion to make me better and stronger in my determination to live a good life which July cannot supply—and August and September. Today I can resolve to eat a little more judiciously; to overcome my tendency to read before getting the dishes done; to pick a few flowers for shut-ins every evening; to inject more of the spirit of play into the routine duties of the household. I can resolve to take the exercise I need; to finish the sewing I began a week ago and cast aside in disgusted desperation; to pick out fewer and better radio programs to listen to. Today—and every day—is full of the need for resolutions made and kept—a prelude to a happy New Year!

Forgetting dates and weather and holiday decorations—remembering people and lives and the joy for which man was created, each one, each day, can lay the foundation for *real* holidays—the kind which last the entire year around!

—E. T. B.

THE night that my father came home and told Mother that we would have to move again I thought certainly she would rebel against it. Just that afternoon we had walked together over the farm, and mother had commented about how happy she was that at last our incessant toil was bearing fruit.

"How nice it all looks," she said to me, indicating the field of nearly ripened grain rippling slightly in the breeze, the young fruit trees, the newly painted barns. "Thank God we've got a home at last, something permanent, a place where we can rest a little." Her eyes filled with tears, and she stood a long time silently observing the fields. When we walked back to the house, Mother unlocked the piano and played a long time. It was always a sign that she was either very discouraged or very happy when she took time from her thousand tasks to play.

That piano was as much a part of my mother's life as her indomitable spirit or her great faith. At this time it was one of the three pianos in the entire state—or rather the territory, since this was many years before Utah became a state. That the piano was here at all was remarkable, and a tribute to her character that no one realized better than I. One of the most vivid recollections of my entire exciting childhood is the immense labor it cost us to float that piano across a swollen river during the course of our long and arduous journey across the plains. In the first place most of the women and practically all of the men of our company considered bringing the piano at all a piece of incomprehensible insanity. But Mother prevailed upon Father to bring it. I think he realized that my mother was a little more thin-skinned, a little more sensitive than the majority of pioneer women, and that she was making a greater sacrifice in leaving civilization for the wilderness than the other women, immense as that sacrifice was for all of them.

But she almost lost her piano at this particular fording. The river was swollen by floods till it was a roaring torrent. The company lost two supply wagons and four oxen in getting just half our number across. Father told mother that it was simply out of the question to even attempt to get the piano across in a prairie schooner.

"Very well," she said quietly, "build a raft."

Faith? Yes, and Discipline—the two are companions walking hand in hand to a great Tomorrow. This youthful Salt Lake boy has caught the spirit of his forebears.

Faith

By

MILTON RIDGES

"Build a raft!" he echoed, his voice rising. He was excited and nervous after the harrowing experiences of the morning. "Beckie, I'm sick and tired of dragging that danged planer around anyway. Y'might jist as well make up yer mind to leave it here; it'll be good riddance."

Her face paling, her eyes blazing, Mother looked my father straight in the eyes and said: "If you leave that piano, you leave me. And we're goin' to get it across safe too, if I have to build a raft myself."

SHE won out. Pleading, scolding, swearing, reasoning on the part of all the men in the company were all of no avail. They built the raft. It took the rest of the day to construct it too, because they had to fell trees to get the timber, and they had to go six miles for the trees, and have them dragged back to the encampment by horses.

Early the next morning, the piano was hoisted out of its covered wagon and put on the raft, and the whole business dragged to the river bank. Mother got a long pole herself and boarded the raft.

"Hiram," my mother said grimly as the contrivance began to move downstream-wards, "if my piano goes down, I'm going back." It was got across safely.

So my mother saved her piano, and now she had a home where she could feel herself secure and established. She was very happy. She had been a music teacher back

east, before she joined the Church, and now she was training a choir to sing in the ward house. In addition to rearing a family, keeping house, and working in the Church, Mother held a dance in our home every two weeks for everybody who wanted to come. She played, of course, and always beforehand prepared an immense "lunch." Old Brother Stringham used to come to the dances and help out with his fiddle. But at all events, my mother's life was now flowing in the channels in which she wished it. She worked unbelievably hard, and was very happy.

No one could ever know or express how Mother felt when Father came home from his visit to Salt Lake (we lived in Bountiful at the time) and told us that President Young had chosen him as one of the men to settle the southern part of the territory. It meant uprooting everything which Mother had toiled so hard and so long to establish. Everything—leaving the unwilling land which was being whipped into shape to produce what a decent farm should; the social and cultural life of our pleasant community. It meant leaving friends and neighbors who had with us shared the back-breaking task of turning alkali desert to fertile land. It meant the leaving of all this, and the marching once again out into sun-blistered alkali Utah prairie, to attempt to build a white man's home in land that the very Indians spurned.

Something of all this mother attempted to tell my father when he broke the news to her.

"I know it, Rebecca," he said (Father always called my mother by her real name whenever he felt particularly gentle towards her). "That's what I told the president when he told me about going. He said that was the very reason why he was calling on us to do this, because we had made such a success of building a home here."

Mother answered nothing. She arose quietly, and went outside. We could see her walking down the path toward the barn that we had just finished painting a brilliant red. It was twilight and the sun had almost set; there were a few streaks of brilliant orange light across the horizon. She was walking toward the sunset, and I'll never forget the ache in my throat that the sight of that courageous figure silhouetted against the flam-

ing orange sky caused to lodge there. Presently it grew totally dark, and we could see her no longer.

She wasn't gone very long, however—a half hour possibly. When she returned we were still sitting where she had left us.

"Hiram," my mother said, her voice quite steady, going up to my father and putting her hand on his shoulder, "of course you told President Young that we would go. We can begin to get ready tomorrow."

And we moved again. Whatever the rest of the world might think about Brigham Young, to my mother, he spoke with the sanction and under the guidance of Almighty God.

I HAD one sister, Mary, and two brothers, David and John, who were twins. Mary and I had been born in the east, the twins just a year after our arrival in Utah.

From the first, things did not go well with us in our new home. In the first place, the land itself which was our farm was the most difficult to till that a white man ever settled on. The farm of course had to be irrigated, but this soil did not respond to irrigation like that farther north. Then we had trouble with the stock; it seemed that we always had sick cattle to worry about. A great many of them died. But the factor which was an especial trial to Mother was the appearance of our new home-site. It was the dreariest, the most uninspiring landscape to be imagined. There was nothing but stretches of undulating sagebrush prairie. The soil in this region has a very striking red tinge in it, and this red ground used to give back the heat of the sun with what seemed an almost conscious malevolence.

But never a word of complaint passed my mother's lips. She worked as I have seen no one in my life work, for in addition to her duties at home, she was the teacher at the village school.

My mother's faith was tried severely when we had to move, but even the moving was to pale against the new trouble which was in store for her.

One day my father had a slight sore throat. He worked all day in the fields, but by nightfall was quite sick, but he had not said anything to Mother about his throat

during the day, because he knew her disposition to worry. But at supper time Mother, of course, noticed his condition.

"What's the matter, Hiram?" she asked.

"I got a sore throat," he answered.

"Is that all?" she asked anxiously. "You look mighty sick to me."

"I feel awful funny, too," Father answered.

"Let me see your throat." He opened his mouth. "That's the strangest looking throat I ever saw," she remarked frowning. "Look at it, Will," she said to me.

My father's throat was coated with a sort of whitish looking film.

I had never seen anything like it before.

"Well, gargle with hot water, and get to bed," my mother directed. "If it ain't better in the morning, Will'll have to go to Provo for a doctor."

There was no doctor in our small town, and Provo was fifty miles away.

"Oh, I'll be all right," said my father. "There's no sense in going to Provo for a sore throat."

But the next morning, he was not all right; he was the sickest man I had ever seen. Mother was very puzzled and worried.

"Well, should I go after the doctor?" I asked.

(Continued on page 568)



MR. AND MRS. ROY ROCKWELL, SAN FRANCISCO STAKE
1934 WINNERS CHURCHWIDE GOLD AND GREEN TANGO-WALTZ

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia): When Bruce, the hard working, self-sacrificing son, decides to allow his family of parasites to fend for themselves, an amusing comedy is stirred up, well cast and ably directed. *Family.*

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Par.): Well directed picture of theatrical people which has little interest for children but much for *Adults.*

I GIVE MY LOVE (Univ.): Vivid "Madame X" type of story, revealing the sacrificial depths of a woman's love. *Adults.*

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Univ.): Story dealing with a rough and conceited sailor who rescues a society girl from drowning and then gets into the social crowd. The picture is full of bad manners, incessant drinking and poor motivation.

LET'S TRY AGAIN (R. K. O.): Realistic social drama of the monotony of married life and possible remedies. Little plot is observable, but the fine cast, well-written continuity and dialogue and general effect provide a rather worthwhile hour. Too much drinking. *Adults.*

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW (Univ.): Tender love story of a German youth and his young bride, and his desperate struggle to earn an honest living under economic stress. So well directed that interest is held throughout. *Adults.*

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Col.): A woman, separated from husband and child by interfering in-laws has the opportunity afforded her to help in directing her son's character. Well done. *Family.*

LIFE OF VIRGIE WINTERS (R. K. O.): Another unethical, though well presented story of illicit relations presented in such a way as to win audience sympathy to the sinners and antagonism toward the wronged wife. Too bad.

SHOOT THE WORKS (Par.): Mediocre story of an egotistical, irresponsible barker for a cheap show who descends the ladder of success as his sweetheart rises. Unobjectionable, mainly, for *Family.*

CALL IT LUCK (Fox): Fleeced twice by the same crooks, a London caddy finally outwits his enemies at their own game. Somewhat farcical, and unbelievable. *Family.*

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal): Serious complications develop when a practical joker is given a dose of his own medicine. Fairly good comedy, possible for *Family.*

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (R. K. O.): Pleasure-loving family has lost its wealth and is in dire financial straits until a subtly naive country cousin

FROM the office of Motion Picture Producers comes this letter: "Dear friends of better pictures—It looks as if all the world was awakening to the rush for better pictures. Some of it is sane and entirely justifiable; some of it the super-reformatory type that tries to crush all life into its own personal point of view. But inevitably the industry responds to this push. After all their purpose (whatever mistakes they have made) is to make pictures that will bring the public to the theatres. * * But now comes the real test as it relates to us. Philip Schuerer recently said, 'You can reform the movies, but can you reform an era?' The picture makers face the problem of making chemically clean pictures that will still prove interesting to the public—the public that asks and is entitled to entertainment. So we have to think of how this public has been treating these finer class pictures. Some of the notable pictures have been notable financial successes." And then the letter goes on to tell of a number of better pictures which have been sorry failures, financially, and concludes: "The above is just a suggestion for us lovers of better pictures. The cleansing of the movies seems well under way. Can we clean up the demand?"

binning to make one of the year's best for the *Family.*

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners): Sympathy for the criminal is the emotion evoked in this sordid film, which is of regulation gangster type.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARDS (R. K. O.): An old-maid school teacher with flare for playing detective; solves a murder. A lapse of taste to picture teachers in unethical roles. *Adults.*

THE THIN MAN (M. G. M.): Sophisticated, fast moving mystery drama not recommended for adolescents and children because of risqué dialogue and much drinking. *Adults* who like the type.

GREEN EYES (Chesterfield): Well-played, wholly delightful mystery drama in which a clever novelist aids the detectives in solving a murder. Clever combination of mystery, comedy and romance. *Family.*

THE WANDERING JEW (Gaumont British): Profoundly sensitive and moving interpretation of the classic tale of the Wandering Jew. Spiritual values are outstanding, for the story symbolizes the upward struggle of mankind from materialism to communion with God. *Adults and Young People.*

KISS AND MAKE-UP (Par.): A beauty doctor falls in love with his masterpiece only to find that a wife absorbed in her own beauty is not all a wife might be. Good comedy marred by slapstick finale. *Children* wouldn't like it.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Par.): Fast moving farce with mistaken identities, conniving wives and gangland influence. Comedy borders on slapstick and dialogue is occasionally suggestive. If they like the type, for *Adults.*

ARE WE CIVILIZED? (Raspin): Serious, timely social drama, outlining man's climb from the cave to the present, in a series of pictures of the world's great religious teachers, all of whom taught justice, tolerance and love of fellow man. The story is gripping and emotionally strong, permeated by fine idealism. *Family, churches, high-schools and colleges.*

DR. MONICA (Warner): An adaptation of a stage play which is unworthy. Good cast and acting fail to counteract the trite, mediocre, unconvincing and wholly unethical story. Not recommended, due to warped treatment and twisted values.

RANDY RIDES ALONE (Monogram): Well told western that departs from the usual routine and develops against a background of beautiful scenery, fast action and excellent riding. *Family.*



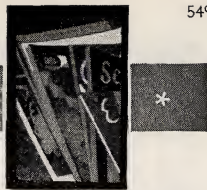
WALLACE BERRY
WHO PLAYS IN "TREASURE ISLAND"

arrives and fixes things. Excellent for *Family.*

TREASURE ISLAND (M. G. M.): The delightful Stevenson story comes to life on the screen with photography, direction, casting and adaptation com-

GLANCING THROUGH

(A Digest of Current Magazine Articles*)



Masters of Use

Lewis A. Riley, in the *Forum* for August, 1934

MANY of us—even financial experts—appear to believe that in the boom years from 1923 to 1929 worker payrolls and salaries and the national scale of living rose to great heights. As a matter of fact the purchasing power of wages and salaries increased only 4% up to 1929 and the volume of trade increased only by the same percentage, while the total purchasing power of interests and dividends increased in this period by 160%. The Masters of Make almost tripled the normal increase in industrial equipment and productive investment; they had a gambling orgy and a production expansion that was, as we look back upon it, almost insane. But it did not expand normal trade nor mass purchasing power nor the national scale of living, even at the peak of its frenzy.

We sometimes forget that wealth is a living relationship and not an inert thing which takes the form of gold, property, or goods in warehouses; it is a balanced process of Make and Use. When one of the two fails or weakens, wealth automatically is destroyed. It was, therefore, a tragic destruction of real wealth when Makers withdrew excessive gold and credit money from the wage stream, between 1925 and 1933 and thus weakened Users' power. Makers had a mistaken conception of the unlimited nature of profit; they heaped up extra dividends and corporation surpluses and gave no heed to the lagging power of the consumer worker to buy and use the products of this enormously expanding productive system. The questions left as a result are these: How long can final collapse of our economic society be avoided? How long will consumer-workers submit to this progressive debasement? We look forward to a bloody and exhausting struggle with employers before the plan of organized labor to lift the wages and salaries of the country can succeed. We appeal to labor now to consider with clear heads that this battle to which it is addressing itself in desperation is a hopeless one and that as a body of consumer-workers it can reform in a stronger way which offers a greater and more permanent victory. Labor cannot succeed until it joins forces with consumers and secures

control of the mass purchases of all necessities requisite to life.

Both producer and consumer need to realize that healthy and vigorous oppositions of self-interest are the basis of permanence and stability in human society. Creative conflict or cooperative opposition is the actuality on which stability must rest. We need not go far to find natural oppositions of economic life; wealth is the balance between Make and Use; the Maker creates; the User destroys. Neither can progress at the expense of the other.

Under the present system, American industry must compete, exploit the worker, duplicate manufacturing and sales facilities, ruinously waste the nation's resources. The more rational method would be to balance a centralized production management with an organized consumption control. Why should not the consumer-worker take over the management and mutual ownership of all wholesale purchase and distribution of consumer goods? The present enormous expense and false ballyhoo of advertising could be replaced by brief, explicit consumer publications which would rate goods fairly. Under this system enormous mechanical benefits to society might be developed which now are suppressed because they offer no increase in profit.

What is needed is a sure and steady method of financing consumer-workers' purchasing power; and to do this such power must be put beyond the control of those whose sole interest is to expand profits. Social stability and practical justice are not obtained by the preponderance of one group over another. Producers should be relieved of monopolistic restrictions and given control over production output, supply of their own material and power and fuel; consumers' goods would pass directly through the hands of consumers' agents, with no excess profits allowable and handling charges carefully calculated. Consumer ownership thus would balance property with property, production profit with consumer usage.

We face in the future problems of expanding leisure, a time wherein we can not only create the stuff to supply animal needs but freedom to create those values which are immortal and imperishable. For many generations the scope of man's physical pleasures has expanded but his spirit has narrowed into an intense passion to "get." His nature has been turning into a stagnant pool of accumulation. Ani-

mated by this acquisitive passion our expanding leisure in this age of scientific plenty has produced a wealth of animal satisfaction beside which religion, art, literature and social betterment have fallen into decay.

It is certain that our race is not yet exhausted; it still has vitality. Out of our present ruin will emerge new and nobler patterns of conduct and living. There is a new social order, a new economic system gestating today; we cannot predict what it will be; we know only that the forces released by science and industry soon must be controlled and utilized or they will destroy civilization. The present bewilderment among our leaders, the moral and material disasters which overwhelm some of our people, the wastes of human energy and natural resources which are utilized by the few for their own benefit, grow less and less endurable. Evolution or revolution in the world of sociology and economics is inevitable.

With the courage of faith we look forward to this change with no despair or fear. Out of our present confusion, misery and desperation will arise a nobler civilization and a re-dedication to immortal purpose!

Youth Turns the Tide

By Henry Goddard Leach in the *Forum* for August, 1934

A POETRY contest recently held in the colleges of the country has produced several surprises. The first is the popularity of verse among college students: students from two hundred five colleges sent entries and the quality of it was definitely superior to that of a generation ago, both in form and content.

A second surprise is that jazz is conspicuous by its absence; the verse in general is quiet and collected, with rhythmic, normal flights of fancy and imagination. Even the love poetry went no further than this:

Do we love the less
That our love is quiet?
That we find heart-peace
Though we miss heart-riot?

Another surprise is the absence of the satirical, iconoclastic attitude which overtook youth after the World War. Instead of sardonic irony we find cheer and hope and a creative state of mind. "We are alive again," is their refrain.

(Continued on page 568)

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* MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD *

Tobacco and Women

Effect Upon Women and Young Girls

IN the words of a famous surgeon and writer, "Woman is a separate being from man; and you cannot judge her by her grosser mate." This is another way of saying that the organization of woman is, in the main, more delicate and sensitive than that of man. Especially is this true of her nervous system. And more particularly is it apparent in the functioning of the sympathetic division of her nervous system—that part which governs processes not presided over by the will or consciousness.

An instrument, such as a galvanometer for detecting weak electric movements, or a balance for weighing minute particles of matter, must necessarily be finely constructed; for the very delicacy of its function precludes any ruggedness of structure. So it is with woman's nervous system. Its very sensitiveness impels her to un-reasoning excess in her activities and enthusiasms. If she be unfavorable to a practice—except as a mother—she has no understanding of the motive or weakness that could lead another into its power. But, once having embraced it herself, she recognizes no limitation in its pursuit. The sensitive woman who takes up smoking is doubly affected by it, first because of the susceptibility of her body to its influence, and second through her lack of moderation.

Aside from an intensification of all the results produced by tobacco upon man, the girl or woman who uses it becomes the victim of certain other effects, which are more important to her than she knows. Dr. Kellogg, in his work "Tobaccoism," states:

"The increase of the tobacco habit among young women bodes ill for the future of the race. The report comes from Paris, where smoking has been indulged in by women longer and to a greater extent than in other civilized countries, that strong evidence has appeared that the effect of cigarette smoking is to unsex young women by producing premature degeneration of the sex glands. One evidence of this is the development of the feminine mustache, which is becoming noticeably more frequent among women smokers of Paris."

It is common observation that women who have used tobacco for long show a decided coarsening of feature, a roughening of voice and marked increase of hair upon the face. As the

years advance, such women seem to lose some fineness of soul that formerly characterized them. It is only natural that any man should abhor the destined effects of tobacco upon sweetheart, wife or sister. When to be called beautiful is the major delight of every woman, could anything strike more surely at the desire of her heart?

Nor is this loss of beauty the most grave effect of tobacco upon the female organism. Note what Dr. Lorand has to say:

"The habit of smoking acts even more injuriously upon the delicate organisms of young girls than it does on boys; and yet, unfortunately, one may now observe this harmful habit gaining ground. * * * Smoking by young women and even by young girls must be considered from a far different standpoint than smoking by men, for not only is the female organism by virtue of its much more frail structure and its more delicate tissues much less able to resist the poisonous actions of tobacco than that of man; and thus, like many a delicate flower, apt to fade and wither more quickly in consequence, but the fecundity of women is greatly impaired by it, as tobacco exerts a very pernicious influence on the various ductless glands, including the thyroid and sex glands. In view of the large number of men lost in the late fearful war, the authorities cannot be expected to look on unmoved, while a generation of sterile women, rendered incapable of fulfilling their sublime function of motherhood, is being produced on account of the immoderate smoking of foolish young girls."

Smoking not only destroys a woman's ability to attain motherhood, but it also robs her of the desire to fulfill this most sacred purpose of her existence. From Dr. Harvey Kellogg, again we read:

Tobacco and Motherhood

BUT in addition to contributing to infant mortality there is ground for the belief that the smoke habit among women must tend to lower the birth rate. The same disposition that would lead a woman to cultivate the tobacco habit would naturally lead her to avoid the perils, responsibilities and inconveniences of motherhood. The birth rate of 'smart set' mothers is the very lowest of all classes. Perhaps this fact is a gain to society rather than a loss, so far as this particular class is concerned; but if all mothers should become smokers, what would be the effect upon the future of the race?"

Nor is this ominous feeling limited to those who actually write upon the subject. One of the most prominent and learned physicians in the world, in his line, recently said, in speaking before a medical gathering:

"It is a sad day for the race, when our future mothers take to the use of tobacco, for they thereby doom unborn generations to physical and mental degeneracy."

Such a statement is in conformity with the fact that any poison which enters the blood of the expectant mother also circulates through that of the foetus, predisposing it to maldevelopment, premature birth, and early death.

The past decade has brought a revolution in ideas of woman's place in the economic phases of life. And, it must be admitted, she has proved herself equal, or superior to man, in many of the fields she has invaded. However, with her natural immolation, she would also extend this equality of sexes to the partaking of man's vices, maintaining that it is no worse for a woman than for a man to do it. In politics and in industry, woman's influence has been welcome; but, should she forsake her idealized pedestal and descend to man's level in those things that increase his ungodliness, she may forfeit heavily.

Judging from observations already available, it does not seem likely that anything desirable can possibly result from this pandemic of tobaccoism among women. One appears safe in predicting that their enthusiasm will only be rewarded by unhappiness and degeneracy. Of course we must still remember the brilliant exceptions to every rule; but for the great mass no happy issue from it seems even within the range of possibility.

Effects Upon the Non-user

CARELESSNESS has been said to be the characteristic sin of Americans; and while a great many smokers are most courteous and considerate of others in their smoking, there are many who have no shadow of regard for hardships imposed upon those about them. That this is of some importance is unquestionable, when one looks deeper than the surface; and the problem of tobaccoism assumes some consequence in its relation to the non-user as well as to the habitue. Dr. Richard Hogner, in American Medicine, records: " * * * also a case where the sister (a clerk) was for years a wreck, suffering from first the father's smoking and

after his death, the brother's in the home. * * * The father smoked a pipe, and during this time she was not so much affected as after his death when the brother began to smoke at home, 'cigarette after cigarette.' Be it enough said that for years she was sent from home to hospital, always improving after some weeks at the hospital, soon to be sick as ever when she returned home. * * * Really she was suffering from chronic tobacco poisoning.

'Since then so many cases of tobacco poisoning without personal use have come under my attention that it seems a duty to mention this wholesale tobacco poisoning of innocent victims, mostly women and children.

"* * * How quickly children and wives 'pick up' when they rid of the father's or somebody's else tobacco smoke, go to the country. It is attributed to the fresh country air. May be! But add: free from tobacco smoke'."

This question is not one to be passed lightly over. No one doubts for a minute the untoward effects of nicotine upon the young, in both animals and plants; and it is more than possible that many a sickly child, in the household of a father who saturates his home with tobacco smoke, is delicate because of this and nothing else. The extent to which some of these individuals will go, in their disregard for those about them, is really appalling. Usually it seems to be a matter of unthinking ignorance, and not of determination. The writer recently noticed a well-fed chap traveling in a small closed automobile, with his young infant and its pale, thin mother. All windows of the vehicle were tightly shut; and this individual was further thickening the already blue atmosphere from a fat cigar! Yet he appeared utterly unconscious of any sin. He probably loves his family and believes he is as good to them as any man could be.

Young infants of smoking mothers have been observed to show symptoms of tobacco poisoning; and it is certain that they not only get it from the mother's milk—when she has any to feed them at the breast—but they also absorb it from the tobacco-tainted air of the homes to which they have been entrusted. Fathers who smoke should certainly never indulge in it within the walls of their own domicile, unless provided with a room for that purpose and into which infants and small children of the household are not permitted to come. No normal father is so indifferent that he would knowingly deny the unvoiced plea of his offspring for robust health, but ignorance, the most dangerous of all human frailties, may betray him into doing so.

Adults not given to the use of nicotine, frequently suffer of carbon-monoxide headache, as a result of as-

sociation in close rooms with smoking comrades and co-workers. The modern convention, whether it be of bankers, stockmen or physicians, has come to be a veritable smoking orgy; and non-smokers who attend do so at the expense of their possible discomfort and temporary mental stupefaction. However, there are some reasons for hoping that smoking will be restricted somewhat, so far as public gatherings are concerned. It is said that smoking is no longer permitted in the United States Senate Chambers; and the largest medical school in America has banned the smoker's indulgence from its classrooms.

The economic side of tobaccoism too is a phase worthy of our attention; but its magnitude and ramifications make it a fit subject for a whole paper, and tend to preclude its discussion from this brief summary of tobacco's effect upon health. Dr. Frederick J. Pack, in his book, "Tobacco and Human Efficiency," offers some interesting facts upon this part of the question.

Many details of nicotine's action upon the human body are still clothed in mystery, chiefly because of the difficulty besetting experimental study of them. However there seems sufficient evidence of its unhealthfulness and undesirability to condemn it for the average person.—From L. Weston Oakes, M. D., "Medical Aspects of the Latter-day Saint Word of Wisdom," by special permission of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

"Are Men Immune?"

THE absurdity of maintaining that tobacco acts as a virulent poison when taken by boys, but that when used by men, it is somehow transformed into a veritable panacea, must be apparent to all. In spite of this inconsistency not a few individuals maintain that tobacco when used in moderation by men is harmless, but is dangerous to boys even in the smallest amounts. The difficulty, however, seems to lie in their interpretation of the term "harm." Many smokers seem to consider that no injury is being done unless the system announces it in tones of a trumpet. They want the heart to break down, the breathing to become wheezy, or the eyesight impaired before they will recognize it as "harm." They seem to forget that the whole genius of modern activity is based upon the principle of prevention rather than that of cure. Their attitude would postpone the adoption of sanitary methods until the epidemic had appeared, the locking of the jail until the prisoners had escaped, the closing of the throttle until the train had been wrecked.

It is a well established fact that the use of tobacco by even the strongest men is often accompanied by such disturbances as high blood pressure, im-

paired heart action and reduced lung capacity. None or even all of these may be sufficiently pronounced to attract attention, because of the general vigor and health of the body, which in mature man is so constructed that a great deal of abuse may be imposed long before the results are made manifest. Thousands upon thousands of men who supposed themselves perfectly sound have first learned of some serious ailment, such as weak heart or impaired lungs upon being examined for life insurance or for entrance into the army. The body does not loudly proclaim its troubles until after the reserves have been called into activity, and then only when defeat is apparent. Most smoking grown-ups, however, insist that this must be done before they will admit injury is being accomplished.

The competition and specialization of modern times are compelling bankers, manufacturers, merchants, educators, and in fact leaders in every field of activity, to enquire into the causes of inefficiency among men. No investigation touching the effect of tobacco yet has been reported in which it has not been shown that tobacco users are less efficient than abstainers. Physicians are agreed that smokers present far less resistance to disease than do non-smokers. Manufacturers are beginning to see that tobacco cuts down man's efficiency both with respect to quality and quantity. Athletic directors universally demand abstinence of all participants. Educators have demonstrated beyond all doubt that the use of tobacco is associated with low scholarship. Investigations have shown that even football men (considered the acme of physical perfection) who use tobacco suffer a loss of practically one-tenth (9.4%) of their lung capacity. Tests have been designed recently by which the tobacco user's loss in efficiency can actually be measured.

The testimonies following, representing as they do, the best thought in practically every phase of human endeavor, should offer a sufficient answer to the question, "Are men immune?"

Chancellor David Starr Jordan, says:

"My impression is that anyone using tobacco is subject to a material lowering of initiative and mental force, this lowering depending upon the age at which smoking began, the amount and kind of smoking, and especially on the kind of intellectual effort the person may put forth. * * * The finer the man in general the greater the injury. Mr. Harrison, considered the leader of the San Francisco Bar, told me lately that in his judgment tobacco had been a greater source of injury to the legal profession in California than liquor. It is not so destructive but it hits better men. So far as I know tobacco is not strictly a narcotic, which would be

bad enough because a man ought to be awake when he is doing a waking man's work, but rather a perpetual irritant. The man who uses tobacco and enjoys it, is only feeling at the time of this use about as a normal man feels all the time. At other times the irritation of the drug causes him to long for it."

Dr. Edmund Andrews, Professor of Surgery, Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago:

"There is no scientific basis for any supposition that after sixteen years of age a person can use tobacco with impunity. It is bad at all ages. The earlier the smoker begins the worse for him, because he has a longer time in the future to injure himself. The nature of the injury is the same."

Dr. T. D. Crothers, Superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital, Hartford, Conn.:

"Accounts of persons who have used tobacco for years without injury are found on examination to be untrue. It is doubtful if any person who uses tobacco continuously is not enfeebled in mind and body, although the damage may not appear from a casual examination."

Wm. H. Allen, Secretary Bureau of Municipal Research, New York:

"Less harm would be done by tobacco if it were more harmful. Like so many other good poisons its use in small quantities does not produce the prompt, vivid unequivocal results that remove all doubt as to the user's injuries and intemperance. As inability to see the physiological effect upon himself encourages the tobacco user to continue smoking or chewing, so failure to identify evil physiological effects upon the smoker encourages the non-user to begin smoking or chewing. A very few smokers give up the habit because they fear its results, but too often the man who can see the evil results would rather give up almost anything else. The one motive that most frequently stops inveterate smoking—fear—is the least effective motive in dissuading those who have not yet acquired the habit: every young man, unless already suffering from known heart trouble, thinks he will smoke moderately and without harm."

Charles Wm. Daleney, President University of Cincinnati, Ohio:

"Having learned to smoke as a freshman at college, as most young men in the country did in my time, and having had a struggle with it for some fifteen or twenty years before giving it up, I am in a position to give some personal testimony. In my own case I gave up tobacco completely after I had attained middle age and I know I have enjoyed much better health and am able to work more satisfactorily and, I believe, more worthily since I did so. I make it a point to instruct our young men with regard to this matter regularly."

Sometime ago Luther Burbank, the

great American naturalist, was approached by one of his foremen and asked if he was familiar with the habits of the men he had been discharging because of inefficiency, and was astonished to learn that all of them were smokers. Further investigation convinced him of the inefficiency of smokers, and in consequence he no longer employs them where a marked degree of delicacy or close discrimination is required. After investigating the matter he announced that:

"Even men who smoke one cigar a day cannot be trusted with some of my most delicate work."

Chas. B. Towns, Superintendent of Towns Hospital, New York:

"Tobacco is harmful to everyone who uses it, old or young. It cannot in any way contribute to anyone's physical or mental uplift. Some men are not so susceptible to the action of this drug as others; some are more economical in its use, and in the way in which they use it. The reason that some men who have been using it for years apparently are in good health is that they are just a little harder to poison than others."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Superintendent Battle Creek Sanitarium, Michigan:

"It is one of the enigmas of modern life that the average business man, the man who demands the highest degree of efficiency in every department of his business, be it factory, store, or office, should continue to use tobacco, knowing that it is one of the deadliest of poisons and one of the worst of all enemies of mental power. It is astonishing that his business sense, his genius for economy, should permit him to consume so much of his energy in a perfectly useless and harmful way. Any man who stops to study himself, who inquires into the means by which he can conserve his vital energy and increase his efficiency, discovers that the first thing to do is to raise the load off his liver and kidneys and other organs; he discovers for instance, that the work which his lungs are required to do in eliminating nicotine is far more than

all the work involved in the digestion of food and the performance of intellectual labor, and if he is a wise man, he will drop immediately the use of tobacco."

Smokers who try to console themselves by arguing that they will avoid the evil effects of tobacco by using it in "moderation" will get but little comfort from the following statement by Edward H. Cleveland, M. A., Chaplain of the Riverside Hospital:

"An unprejudiced inquiry into the mental and physiological effects of tobacco-smoking establishes the conviction that this habit, even in moderation, is definitely and permanently injurious to both mind and body. So many indeed are the scientific facts that point directly to this conclusion that it is difficult to select the most important ones. * * * We are not speaking of excessive use, but of moderate use, be it noted. Aside from the wellknown principle that moderate use leads to excess, and always tends in that direction, as experience abundantly proves, no one defends the excessive use or abuse of tobacco. Not a single advocate or apologist for its use will venture to claim that the excessive use is beneficial. All agree that tobacco is a poison, to be used in moderation, if at all. This article is written to remind its readers of the very simple proposition that the habitual smoking of tobacco in moderation will, if given time enough, produce similar results in the heart, brain, stomach, lungs and other vital organs to those brought about more rapidly by smoking to excess."

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, perhaps America's chief authority on foods, has this to say concerning the use of tobacco by grown-ups:

"Of those of maturer years I ask, 'Is the comfort which the use of tobacco gives real happiness?' I answer, 'No, it is illusory.' A man should so order his activities that he needs no comforter except wholesome food, illuminating literature, a fond family, and a progressive community. He who has to seek consolation in a drug is going wrong. There is something out of condition in his make-up. He has a false view of life. Happiness consists in accomplishment, contentment, in satisfaction with the environment, not in lethargic passivity. There is no place in the normal life for an illusory delight nor a drug-provoked content. Tobacco never has brought and never will bring any real happiness to humanity."

It has been pointed out in another section that even the most nearly physically perfect men of America (football men) are seriously injured by the use of tobacco. If the best men are injured by its use, then certainly there can be no doubt that the rest of us are not immune. —From Dr. Frederick J. Pack's, "Tobacco and Human Efficiency."



L. D. S. INSTITUTE, MOSCOW, IDAHO

★ WARD TEACHING ★

The Word of Wisdom

REVELATION to Joseph Smith the Prophet given February 27, 1833. A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the council of high priests, assembled in Kirtland, and the church, and also the saints in Zion. To be sent greeting; not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and the will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days. Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints who are or can be called saints.

Reason for Revelation

Behold, verily thus saith the Lord unto you: In consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation.

Alcoholic Drinks

That in as much as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him. And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make. And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

Tobacco

And, again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

Hot Drinks

And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly.

Fruits and Vegetables

And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and use of man. Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof, all these to be used with prudence and thanksgiving.

Meat

Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine.

Grains

All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the

beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth; and these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger. All grain is good for the food of man; as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground—nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain.

Rewards and Promises

And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow to their bones; and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass

by them, as the children of Israel, and not stay them. Amen.

Further Words of Wisdom (Suggested by Elder John A. Widtsoe)

See that ye love one another; cease to be covetous; learn to impart one to another as the gospel requires. Cease to be idle; cease to be unclean; cease to find fault with one another; cease to sleep longer than is needful; retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated.

And above all things, clothe yourselves with the bond of charity, as with a mantle, which is the bond of perfectness and peace. Pray always, that ye may not faint, until I come. Behold, and lo, I will come quickly and receive you unto myself. Amen.

For, behold, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and that which cometh of the earth, is ordained for the use of man for food, and for raiment, and that he might have in abundance.

Ward Teacher's Message, October, 1934

Prepared by OSCAR W. McCONKIE, Under Appointment of the Presiding Bishopric.

The Word of Wisdom

KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

THE wise in heart will receive commandments," in humility and with faithful obedience, so when Jehovah directed what Israel should eat and drink it obeyed. The use of that which God forbade defiled the body and left the violator unclean in the Lord's sight and in man's presence. Israel forsook wine and strong drink that it "might know the Lord" its "God," which knowledge was a pearl of great price, to which no other learning was comparable; worth infinitely more than the increased span of life which obedience gave.

HIDDEN TREASURES

Job "esteemed the word of his (the Lord's) mouth more than my necessary food," which food God had provided. Because he did so and walked obediently God revealed Himself to him, and a knowledge of God is "wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures." Thus fortified, when temptation sought with great acumen for a portal to enter it was unable to penetrate even the outer wall. It was as important as water spilt on the ground.

DEFINITE MEANING

The Word of Wisdom, revealed

through Joseph Smith, is "adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all who are or can be called saints," therefore obedience to it ought to be universal. The term has a definite meaning and includes nothing not embraced in section eighty-nine of the Doctrine and Covenants. It is improper to speak of any vice not therein included as a violation of it.

CONSEQUENCES

Disobedience of this law introduces physical and spiritual degeneracy; is a trap to the unwary; befores the mind in spiritual things; makes the tongue more captious; coerces by weakness; incases the body in deterioration; destroys the finer susceptibility to God's touch, and moves one's course of life away from the self-denial and fixity of purpose that are prerequisite to divine companionship. It sometimes obscures the vision until the sinner believes the Church to have withdrawn from him, he being unable to educe that it is he that has withdrawn from the Church. To such theological axioms may seem but abstruse traditions, perpetuated by anile persons. But obedience ennobles and makes it possible for one to move straight toward his desires.

(Continued on page 561)

* * AARONIC PRIESTHOOD * *

Young Teachers Make Outstanding Record

BISHOP HERBERT WHITTIER, of Milton Ward, Morgan Stake, reports unusual accomplishment in Ward Teaching by two young men of his ward. He writes:

"We have made what we feel is an outstanding record in ward teaching by members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

"In Feb., 1931, we placed Carvel Bingham, and Earl Mecham, with some older ward teachers; on April 26, 1931, they were ordained to the office of teacher, and were placed together to cover a district of six (6) families as ward teachers. For three (3) years they have reported 100% of their families visited each month."

These young men are to be congratulated for their splendid devotion to the service of the Church.

Lesser Priesthood Joins in Fathers and Sons Outing

GRANT STAKE, organized in January, 1934, with seven wards, held its first Fathers and Sons' outing at the Boy Scout Wigwam in Millcreek Canyon. The outing was a great success, with a total of 304 in attendance, of which 93 were fathers. The Stake Presidency, six members of the High Council, four Bishops, Counselors, Priesthood Supervisors, Stake Superintendent of the M. I. A., a member of the Stake Superintendency of Sunday Schools, and three of the Stake Scout-Vanguard Commissioners were among the number.

Each of the seven wards was well represented, Hillcrest Ward led with 86 present, Wandamere Ward second with 52, and Central Park Ward third with 55.

Upon instructions from the Stake Presidency, each Bishop appointed a special committee, to sponsor the outing. The plan was for each ward to invite the fathers and sons, arrange transportation, and take care of their own cooking, the Scout-Vanguard Commissioners taking the responsibility of conducting the camp and the activities.

Ball games between fathers and sons, volley ball, horseshoe pitching, hiking, etc., made up the activities for Saturday, with Commissioner Austin Johnson in charge. In the evening the District Court of Honor was held in the Wigwam, with Scout Troop 62 and Vanguard Troop 262 taking most of the awards. Four Life Awards were made to Vanguard Scoutmaster

F. L. Cleveland, Troop 262; Troop Committeeman F. L. Bangerter, Troop 262; Vanguard Harold Hughes, Troop 262; Vanguard Alden Bangerter, Troop 262.

From the Court of Honor the fathers and sons went out to the Camp Fire, where a most pleasant evening was spent in song and story. Following the plan which had been announced the program was built around Indian Lore. East Mill Creek Ward Scouts and Vanguards opened the program by an Indian fire lighting ceremony. Then followed songs and Indian legends. In the midst of the activities the members of the Apache Tribe, from Central Park Ward, with their Indian regalia, followed Bishop Fox, as their Chief, in a war dance around the camp fire.

Sunday morning bright and early, all in camp met at the flag pole to participate in the flag raising ceremony. It was a wonderful sight to see 300 men and boys standing in a line at sunrise to pay tribute to our National Emblem. At 7 o'clock we held Sunday School under the direction of Charles W. Bennett, Assistant Superintendent of the Grant Stake Sunday Schools. The regular Sunday School program was followed, including songs, prayer, two short talks by boys, and concert recitation. The sacrament service was splendidly attended to by members of the Lesser Priesthood of the Hillcrest Ward. Then came a most interesting talk by Bishop David A. Smith, of the Presiding Bishopric. He related a series of events in the life of the late President Joseph F. Smith, and presented them in such a way as to be inspiring and faith-promoting to the young as well as the old.

After Sunday School the men and boys went to their various camps for breakfast, and at 10 o'clock nature-study was directed by Commissioner N. W. Davis.

It was a splendid outing, and a fine example of what can be accomplished when stake and ward leaders, particularly those who have supervision of the Lesser Priesthood and Scout-Vanguard activities, get together and work in cooperation.

L. G. Fox, Commissioner.

Joseph Smith's Own Story (Continued from August Era)

"11. While I was laboring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contests of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the Epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads: *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.*

"12. Never did any passage of scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this did at this time to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. I reflected on it again and again, knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God, I did; for how to act I did not know, and unless I could get more wisdom than I then had, I would never know; for the teachers of religion of the different sects understood the same passages of scripture so differently as to destroy all confidence in settling the question by an appeal to the Bible.

"13. At length I came to the conclusion that I must either remain in darkness and confusion, or else I must do as James directs, that is, ask of God. I at length came to the determination to 'ask of God,' concluding that if he gave wisdom to them that lack wisdom, and would give liberally, and not upbraid, I might venture.

"14. So, in accordance with this, my determination to ask of God, I retired to the woods to make the attempt. It was on the morning of a beautiful, clear day, early in the spring of eighteen hundred and twenty. It was the first time in my life that I had made such an attempt, for amidst all my anxieties I had never as yet made the attempt to pray valiantly.

"15. After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such an astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction.

"16. But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair and abandon myself to destruction—not to a power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being—just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended grandly until it fell upon me.

"17. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me

in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other—*This is my beloved Son, hear Him!*

"18. My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personages who stood about me in the light, which of all the sects was right—and which I should join.

"19. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that 'they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.'

"20. He again forbade me to join with any of them; and many other things did He say unto me, which I cannot write at this time. When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven.

"21. Some few days after I had this vision, I happened to be in company with one of the Methodist preachers, who was very active in the before mentioned religious excitement; and, conversing with him on the subject of religion, I took occasion to give him an account of the vision which I had had. I was greatly surprised at his behavior; he treated my communication not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying it was all of the devil, that there were no such things as visions or revelations in these days; that all such things had ceased with the Apostles, and that there would never be any more of them.

(To be Continued)

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Lessons

Prepared by Elder George W. Skidmore,
Adult Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor,
Logan Ninth Ward, Cache Stake
(Continued from August Era)

LESSON NINETEEN

1. Dispensation of Adam.
2. Dispensation of Enoch.
3. Dispensation of Noah.
4. Dispensation of Abraham.
5. Dispensation of Moses.
6. From Moses to Jesus Christ.
7. The Apostasy (Brief. To be treated later.)
8. Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

(This lesson to be in the form of a lecture. Topics to be brief and general to prepare the class for a full consideration of the scattering and gathering of Israel.)

References

Seventies Course in Theology, Parts 1 and 2, Roberts. Consult Concordance and Index to Bible, Book of Mormon, Pearl of Great Price and Doctrine and Covenants.

LESSON TWENTY

1. Review of Lessons Sixteen, Seventeen, Eighteen and Nineteen.

(By now it will be surprising how the class members will show a willingness to take part. From now on, each Fifth lesson or Review should be used to cultivate response by class members. Care must be taken, however, with certain members who would be inclined to remain away for fear of being called upon. Continue to adhere to the plan of not calling on those who would rather not take part.)

LESSON TWENTY-ONE

1. The House of Israel. Who is Meant?
2. Division of Israel at Solomon's Death.
3. The Kingdom of Israel Commencing with Jereboam.
4. The Kingdom of Judah commencing with Reboam.
5. The Ten Tribes. Who they are. Tell of the works of Elijah and Elisha. (This can be made very interesting.)
6. Overthrow of the Kingdom of Israel.
7. Captivity of the Ten Tribes. What became of them so far as is known?
8. Beginning of the Scattering of Israel.

References

Genesis, Chapters 11 to 50 inclusive. Dr. Smith's Old Testament History, Chapters 23, 24. (It will require much reading to prepare this lesson properly. Do not fail to be prepared.) See Biblical references in Smith's Old Testament History.

My Reasons for Leaving the Church of England and Joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

By Col. R. M. Bryce Thomas

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE object that I have had in view in writing this article explanatory of my reasons for leaving the Church of England and joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is to comply as far as possible with the wishes of those of my relatives and friends who have expressed a desire to know something of the teachings of the Latter-day Saints, and also the reasons which have led me to reject the faith of my fathers. It was of course not possible for me, within the ordinary limits of private correspondence, to enter with sufficient fullness into so important a subject, or satisfactorily to explain to each of my enquirers all that they might wish to know. At the same time it appeared to me both fair and right towards my relatives that I should make some attempt to show them to the best of my power the grounds upon which I had considered it necessary to cut myself adrift from a church to which I had hitherto belonged, and of which they themselves were still members. It was in order to attain this object that I decided, after due consideration, to write out as fully and as clearly as I could the most important of the reasons that had led me to take the step I have taken, and then to have a few copies of these printed for circulation, not only among those who had asked

me for my reasons for the course that I have thought necessary to adopt, but also among all who may still feel in any way a kind interest in me.

In sending out the following pages, then, I would ask our Heavenly Father in the name of His Son, our Lord Jesus, to let His blessings rest upon what I have written so far as it may be in strict accordance with His truth, and with His holy word and will. London, May 24, 1897.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE issue of the second American edition of "My Reasons" (a designation which this pamphlet seems to have received by way of brevity, and by which name it is apparently best known), has afforded me an opportunity of expressing my views regarding the Latter-day Saints, as formed after a personal association with them extending over a period of several months, in various parts of the State of Utah. I feel, too, that it is incumbent upon me to do this, inasmuch as the characteristics which I recorded of that people when writing "My Reasons," were gathered, as I therein stated, from information received from others and not from my own personal knowledge of them.

Since I penned the pages of this little



AARONIC PRIESTHOOD, WASHAKIE WARD, MALAD STAKE. CENTER: BISHOP JOSEPH PARRY;
SANPETE STAKE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD OUTING, MAY 19, 1934

work, however, I have paid two visits to Utah, and have become personally acquainted with the Latter-day Saints, in Salt Lake City, and in several other towns of that State. On the first of these visits I resided with two well known families of Saints, and obtained thereby the best possible opportunity of mixing freely in the society of this people and of forming a just and correct estimate of them; and I am glad to be able to add, that the experience I thus gained fully justified the general reputation of the people that I had previously given from hearsay. That they, in common with the rest of mankind, have their weaknesses and failings is only to be expected, and there will even be found some among them who can claim to be Latter-day Saints in little else than name, but, taking the people as a whole, I have found them essentially God fearing, honest, upright, with a firm faith in their Heavenly Father, strong in their testimonies regarding the divinity of the great latter-day work in which they are engaged, and in their belief of the great destiny which awaits them.

Among the Saints, as among other Christian people, will be found educated and intelligent men and women. Education is a special feature with them, and it is by no means uncommon to find in this community, those who have studied, and those who are at the present time studying vocal and instrumental music and painting in the principal centers of art in Europe and in the eastern parts of the United States. Musical talent seems to be decidedly conspicuous among them. Various important positions in the State, calling for such qualifications as education, intelligence, ability, and honesty, have been, and are now being filled by Latter-day Saints; while there are those who, having fully qualified themselves in the legal, medical, journalistic, and commercial professions, are following their various vocations with credit and profit to themselves, and advantage to the people of Utah.

I am now paying my third visit to the capital city of that State, and see no reason to modify the opinion I formed

of the Saints during my stay with them in 1901.

If this personal testimony that I have been able to offer, can in any way tend to remove misconceptions that may have been formed regarding the Latter-day Saints, my object will have been accomplished, and I may add, that I feel sure that the good qualities of this people have only to be better known in the world, to be more fully appreciated by fair and unprejudiced minds.

R. M. BRYCE THOMAS.
Salt Lake City, December 9, 1902.

(To be Continued)

Bear Lake Stake Makes Excellent Record

BEAR LAKE STAKE, with a rating of 188 stood third highest in the Church in 1933, based on the activities shown on the bulletin. In explaining the various means used to produce this result, former stake president Roy A. Welker describes the careful, systematic efforts put forth. In the first place, the activities of each ward are discussed in the monthly meeting of the stake presidency with the

ward bishopric. In the promotion of attendance at the Sacrament meeting, the importance of variety and interest in the program of these meetings is stressed so that all of the young people will be attracted. In some instances, as a part of the services, a brief story from the Bible, Book of Mormon, etc., is interestingly related. The importance of all Church members taking part in these meetings is presented with good results. In the matter of attendance at weekly Priesthood meeting, persistent efforts are constantly being made throughout all grades of the Priesthood to stimulate attendance and activity with consequent success. Ward teaching has become so well established that to fail to make a visit to every home during the month is considered a serious matter. This important activity is carefully checked by the ward bishoprics the latter part of each month, and any failure at that time is attended to fully before the month ends. Such vigilance has paid rich dividends.

Sunday Evening Joint Program for October

AS has been the custom for a few years past, the program for the October Joint Meeting has been sent to the ward presidents. The General Boards are eager to have this program carried out in every ward where it is at all practicable.

Last year, as the year previous, many letters and communications by word of mouth came in declaring that the October Joint Program was one of the very best of the year. Every effort should be made to carry it out in its entirety. Of course modifications to meet the specific needs of the various wards may be made.

Since the October Joint Program is the first one of the year after the M. I. A's. are underway, an effort should be made to have a record attendance.



LEFT, MORONI TIMPIMBOO, FIRST COUNSELOR; REAR RIGHT, WARREN WONGAN, SECOND COUNSELOR

MUTUAL MESSAGES



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. W. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
Executive Secretary

New Phases of Our Program for 1934-35

(Talk given at M. I. A. Conference, June 9, 1934)

CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

Of the General Presidency of Y.W.M.I.A.

MY dear fellow workers—I is with genuine pleasure that I greet you and touch hands with you once more in a great June conference. I think I have never before realized so fully the responsibility that is ours. The three days that we are to be together are tremendously important, for the discussions and conclusions of this conference will affect the lives of more than 125,000 of our people, and when I realize that those conclusions are to be based upon and colored largely by the general plans we offer you at this opening session, I sense keenly my own responsibility, and I humbly pray that I may be able to give them to you clearly and in the proper spirit, and that you may receive them in the same spirit. It heartened me a great deal in preparing this message to receive the other day a letter from one of our foremost stake superintendents, who wrote, "Whatever plans the General Board shall present at the June Conference will certainly be received heartily by our stake." I am sure that that is the feeling you all have, and we appreciate your loyal support and cooperation.

We are building a great M. I. A. program. Building—I like that word; it indicates strength, it suggests the fashioning of something with one's hands, erecting a structure that ever grows higher and larger. We are building a great structure. The General Boards may be likened to the architects, who draw up the "blueprints" or plans. You stake and mission supervisors are the real builders who make the building rise. And you faithful, devoted ward workers, furnish it and decorate it, put life and color into it, and the true spirit of a home.

But like all builders, we are never thoroughly satisfied. As the times change, we change our plans, we remodel a bit each year, take out a stairway here or a partition there, or change a room about. And so with this in mind, we "blueprinters" this year have

gone over our plans more carefully than for years in the past. A survey committee was appointed, which spent many weeks in studying thoroughly the entire M. I. A. "house."

First of all we gave attention to our great objectives, to the spirit of our work, and then we discussed every phase of the program. We said, "Let us simplify, if possible." We discovered a "partition" that we thought might be removed, a partition that has divided the two parts of our activities on Tuesday evening. This partition was erected four or five years ago and has served our purpose well. You faithful officers have made the program successful. But we discovered during the year that it was causing some stress and strain upon you executives and upon you class leaders, that sometimes a leader who had to prepare a Gleaner lesson, for example, during the first part of the evening must also give a drama talk and conduct drama activities in the second part of the evening. And so we said, "Why not remove this partition and do away with the two rooms?"

As a result, we offer you this simple schedule for your weekly meetings for the year 1934-5: A 20-minute general assembly; one-hour-and-ten-minute department sessions, with two evenings devoted entirely to manuals, two evenings devoted entirely to appreciation courses—these to alternate; closing hour 9 o'clock. If there is any miscellaneous or class business, ten or fifteen minutes may be given to it at the beginning of the department period. On the fifth Tuesday, should there be one (and there are three during the year), special programs are provided for each department. By your faces I can see that you approve this plan. Just the removal of that simple partition simplifies our program.

Then we said, "How can we simplify and at the same time enrich the program itself? So we turned our attention first to the manuals and then to the appreciation or cultural courses

and the activities. We said, "Our manuals this year must be religious; they must be distinctly Latter-day Saint. They must be simply and clearly written, and they must carry the message of the M. I. A. and the message of the Gospel. I think as you go to your departments tomorrow and recognize the titles: 'What about Religion?' for the M Men-Gleaners, 'Mormonism in a Changing World,' for the Seniors, 'Joyous Youth,' for the Juniors, 'The Leadership of Joseph Smith,' for the Adults, you will catch at once an idea of the contents. May we suggest that our class leaders be better prepared this year than ever before? Let us do better teaching. Let us teach the Gospel through these manuals.

Then to enrich our appreciation courses, we have added three—not to increase your work but to simplify it by giving more opportunity for selection by the departments—so that the full list of appreciation courses now stands: Conversation, dancing, drama, music, public address, story telling, hobbies, reading, social conduct.

You have in your hands some slips showing a diagram. This tells the story of our recommendation to you regarding the program of activities and appreciation courses during the year: A program of education, achievement, and recognition for the individual, for the ward organization, for the stake organization.

We call upon you ward directors, members of the community activity committees, to give education to individuals. We have made tremendous progress in the last few years. We have been delighted with the increased appreciation of these fine arts among our people, but O, they are asking for more individual help. We have had boys and girls come to us again and again this year saying, "Criticize our effort. Tell us where we are weak. Help us to improve." And so we hope that you ward directors will take unto yourselves this especial task. The material is provided for you in our

activity manuals. The same standards of excellence that we have had before are there for your guidance and we hope to give you more help during the year.

In order to assist the individual to check on his progress and accomplishments, we are naming three simple requirements for him: first, attendance at M. I. A. a certain number of times; second, a study of an appreciation course—and there is opportunity for each person to study two during the year; and third, a public appearance one or more times in the corresponding activity; three simple requirements for which he may receive at the ward honor day, recognition in the form of an activity card in green and gold, bearing his name, the activity in which he has achieved, and the signatures of the officers. In addition, if he wishes, he may purchase the M. I. A. pin. We hope that these two, the card and the pin, will become really motivating things in our organization, and that we shall see them in evidence everywhere, year after year.

And then, as the biggest incentive perhaps of all, every holder of this little activity card will be entitled to attend an Educational Meet at our next June Conference. Do you think that they will want to come? Why, these educational meets have already commenced: the music people started them two years ago. What about the three thousand that are over in the Tabernacle now—were they eager to come? What about the crowds that will attend the Hobby Show in the Deseret Gymnasium? I am glad that the Adult and Senior departments have given us a fine example this year of what can be done in educational meets. Do you think your story tellers would like to come next June Conference to hear Ernest Seton Thompson or Harrison R. Merrill, or some other great narrator, tell them stories, and help them to prepare stories of their own for retelling. Do you think your public speakers would like to come and sit for an hour under a great leader? or your players come and see all the business of play production under the hands of experts? or do you think your dancers would come to join in a great dance festival? O, this educational meet is already under way. I am sure that it will grow and grow until it will become a big, glorious thing.

Your diagram shows the plan of education and achievement for the ward and the stake. We are delighted that many of the stakes held special leadership institutes last year. There was a great desire for leadership training in the Church. We hope that that will continue, and we promise you that we shall endeavor to give more intensive training, if possible, than we have ever done before, through our conventions and special institutes.

We shall continue to use our ward achievement plan. It is remodeled according to our building design, touched up a bit here and there, some items being added; it is within easy accomplishment of every ward. For example, one requirement reads: have 10% or more of all the men and boys over 15 in your ward organization deliver a public address. Do you realize what that means? More than 10,000 young men will be on their feet to give a public address. And the same with the stories and with the other activities. Have three per cent of all of your people pursuing a hobby. Think what that will mean to your organization!

We are asking the stake to set as their goal the getting of all their wards to achieve in at least three of these lines of development. For the wards who achieve, there will be recognition given to them at the stake honor day, by the stake board. And for the stakes who achieve, that is, whose wards, 100% strong, have fulfilled the requirements in three or more of the subjects, the General Boards will give recognition at a great Church honor day, to be held at the next June Conference.

O, we hope that those honor days will be glorious affairs. The ward honor day should be the climax of the winter's work, all, if possible, of the outstanding events of the year being presented on that honor program. And all who have fulfilled the requirements will be awarded the activity card. Then I can see the stake honor day as a climax for the work of the stake, when all of the wards will be represented in one or more of the events on the program. In some small stakes, I believe every ward could be represented in every line of activity. And then, when you come up to the Conference again, you will participate in a great Church Honor Day! We hope to make it a glorious achievement. I can see this June Conference becoming a youth gathering as well as a convention of officers.

Now, I know the question that is on every tongue, "What about contests?" May I revert to my M. I. A. "house," again for a moment? Most of you in the audience, are old enough to remember the parlor that used to be in every home. It was a lovely room, well furnished, but it was used only on special occasions. Most of the year it was closed. As we looked over our blue prints, we said to ourselves, "Can it be that the contests are the 'parlor' in our house—used only for a few?" For really, there is only one time in the year when the crowds that come into the contest parlor can be counted by thousands, and that is away down there in the ward, at the first contest. After that, you can count the participants by hundreds, then by twenties, then by four or fives, as you

will see them this afternoon, and finally one individual or one couple, or one group will be declared winners.

While we honor those young people who have come up to the top—while we rejoice with them in their achievement, I am sure that all of you here have a little sadness in your hearts as you think back through those crowds who were dropped out along the way. Especially do I think of those who after one small effort were counted out of the game. And so we said, "Let us turn our parlor into a joyous 'living room,' into a living room where everybody may come all the time, where instead of competition there shall be cooperation, instead of judgments (sometimes faulty), which bring about elimination of vast numbers, there shall be helpful, constructive criticism and encouragement, and where everybody can go on and on. I know that we have printed in our literature that life is a contest. Life is a contest, but it is a struggle with dirt and with disease, with poverty, with ignorance, with oneself, but it was never meant to be a struggle of individual against individual.

And so we present to you this living room for your house of M. I. A., and we ask you to accept it and to use it with us so that all of your people may have the joy of achievement within its walls. Even if they cannot all come to the educational meet at June Conference, because of the distance and expense, they will know that they have the right to come, that they are not kept away because somebody else was a trifle better than they.

I believe, brethren and sisters, that the majority of you will welcome this new plan. And if there are any here who regret giving up the contest (for we admit that they have done much for us, they have stimulated our programs, they have been full of interest), then I am going to ask you to use that quality which is one of the finest things about contests, good sportsmanship. Be good sports now, and come with us and try a new and better way.

In conclusion, may I suggest that we make our M. I. A. house clean and white and beautiful; fill it with joyous learning and activity, and let there permeate every nook and corner the sweet Gospel spirit, which shall hold close in the fold of the Church all who come to dwell therein.

Editors' Note: Since the delivery of the above address before the assembled officers at the June M. I. A. Conference so many requests for copies of it have been received that it was decided to make it the Executive Message to the field for September. With its fine spirit and felicity of expression it is given in full to all who love M. I. A. with the feeling that from it will be derived inspiration, information and enthusiasm.

A D U L T S

LEARN TO LIVE JOYOUSLY



"In the light of truth, life remains enjoyable and adventurous."—Herrick.

Five Major Factors

A SUMMARY of reports received from successful Adult Groups enable us to say with certainty, the following were important factors. Now that we stand expectantly on the threshold of a new season we urge Adult Leaders particularly to keep them in mind. They will almost certainly insure success.

1. A Good Beginning.

This involves preparation and organization, and the creation of good social atmosphere in the group early. Start now!

2. Complete Organization.

Successful Adult Leaders almost invariably have been assisted by elected Group Officers or specially chosen committees with definite responsibilities. Attend to this at once!

3. Group Sanction.

It is clearly demonstrated that to secure full participation the Group must be permitted to express themselves in choosing the program; the appreciation courses, etc. Having chosen it themselves, experience shows, they usually enter in the program with spirit and enthusiasm.

Get the group expression at one of your first sessions.

4. A Life Loving Attitude (that joys and glories in living.)

"Call life a good gift—call the world fair."

An approach which can be thus epitomized is in harmony with our immediate and ultimate objectives, and the leaders who have used it have been recognized at once as benefactors. Such leaders never fail to draw forth the best in others. The appeal—"Learn to live joyously"—awakens response. Use it!

5. The Social Element.

Our most successful groups are baptized in it. Indeed, without immersion in this vital element, no group is ever properly initiated in the spirit of the

M. I. A. Adult Department. Our whole program should be saturated with sociability. A manual discussion which is not enjoyable to all present is not satisfactory. Learning must be made, primarily, an enjoyable process if it is to serve our purposes. Joyous companionship in study, or in play or projects, is the prime purpose to be served, rather than mere academic interest in facts. We should be intent upon joyful objective living;—not bent upon bickering about mere abstractions. Group Leaders should keep this constantly in mind.

quently. Keep us informed of your activities and give us your ideas when they occur, so that we may pass them on to others. Remember, this is a co-operative quest for richer, fuller, deeper life. Everyone counts!

Higher Living

THIS program makes its appeal to men and women who wish to enlarge their interests, to live more completely, to live on the highest levels of which they are capable.

Some people do seem to be lacking in the higher mental and moral interests, but our aim is to enable men and women to get supreme satisfaction by striving together for mental and spiritual enrichment; to live abundantly in an ever-widening wonder world of limitless possibilities.

We recognize this life as preparation for higher living; opportunity to learn how to live in utmost enjoyment forever.

True joy is our constant aim and the ultimate objective of the endless process of living—Eternal Life!

It lies in our power here to feel daily the joy of constant growth, constant discovery; to feel the fascination of the quest for fuller knowledge.

Life should lead ever on to fuller and more significant experience.

"To grow higher, deeper, wider as the years go on; to conquer difficulties and acquire more and more power, to feel one's faculties unfolding and truth descending into the soul—this makes life worth living."

"The fullness of life consists in the joy and glory of living and loving and being loved; of finding the romance of science and art, the delights of music and literature, the power of social service and religious faith, which enable one to surmount difficulties, to catch a rosier view of life and to consecrate joys to better health, power, and higher ideals."



"IT HAS BEEN A LOT OF FUN"
Ward Leaders, E. Milton Christensen and Wife; Stake Leaders Reed Scott and Wife

Adult Group, Idaho Falls 2nd Ward

WE hope all M. I. A. Adult Groups can give such a satisfactory summary of last season's work. This group maintained a remarkable attendance record and carried out the entire program as outlined.

"The officers and members have had much joy and satisfaction in their associations. It has been a lot of fun."

Such fine spirit and interest cannot fail to create new zest for living.

From the Field

MANY interesting and helpful reports were received by the Adult Committee of the General Boards in response to our appeal at the close of last season. We welcome these frank, chatty communications. We urge that you do not wait until the end of the season but let us hear from you fre-

GLEANER GIRLS



"What About Religion" is Title of New Manual

AT the beginning of another Mutual season the Gleaner Committee of the General Board greet you and wish you every success in the year's work. The program forecasts a worthwhile, happy year for Gleaners.

"What About Religion" is the title of our manual study for this year, and the title itself awakens interest, for it is a question asked by many people today. It was written for young people by a young man and therefore from the point of view of a young person. We recommend that you read the Foreword and become acquainted with the author, Dr. Lowell L. Bennion, and learn of his qualifications for writing such a manual. Never has the Committee been more enthusiastic about a course of study, and feel that a brief introduction to its challenging content will make every Gleaner want a book of her own.

Seventy-three Stakes at June Conference

THE attendance at June Convention in the Gleaner Department, of representatives from seventy-three stakes is evidence that Gleaner work is a vital part of M. I. A. Although none of the representatives were from across the ocean we are constantly receiving word of the splendid Gleaner work being done in other countries. The Hawaiian Islands boast a very active organization, and we recently received from the British Mission a copy of their publication, "Handbook for Gleaner Girls," showing the interest and ingenuity of the girls in that Mission.

Treasures of Truth Books Exhibited

AT the reception for Gleaner Leaders, held during June Convention, lovely examples of individual and stake Treasures of Truth books were displayed. The Church Book, which is a compilation of material from Gleaner books all over the Church, made its first appearance and was of especial interest.

The following is from the book of Florence Burgess, London District:

In Answer to Prayer

BEHOLD the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they." (Matt. 6: 26.)

"Tuesday, and just four pennies to buy food for my husband and our two children. To our knowledge we knew of no source from whence we could secure any remuneration until the following Thursday. Never before had we been so hungry, although my husband had been out of employment for over eighteen months.

"It was a terribly dark, windy day, and we had the gas-light burning early. A sudden gust of wind shook the house and the light went out, because the mantel broke. Children will not sit in darkness, there was nothing to do but buy a new gas mantel. Directly after my husband had gone, I thought of my Heavenly Father. This thought struck me so forcibly that I knelt and asked God to give us our daily bread.

"That evening it was Relief Society meeting and I could have had money for the asking, but I remained silent and even enjoyed the meeting better than usual because I knew within myself that my prayer had been heard and that it would be answered. I pride myself now that nobody knew how I was placed that night.

"Arriving home, I found a letter waiting from an aunt, to whom my husband had written about some genealogy. I commenced reading, but stopped when my eyes rested upon the words, 'I have enclosed five shillings, and will send more later! I could read no more, my heart was too

full of gratitude, my prayer had been answered."

The following poem is from the Church Book:

After the Rain

By Minnie I. Hodapp

SKIES smiling blue again,
Sun shining through again,
Hark! And the lark's refrain
After the rain!

Like lowly-bending grain
Elbowing up again
Bruised spirit rise from pain
After the rain!

Over the mountain grand
Tinted prismatic band
Hearts with delight expand
After the rain!

And all the flowers of earth
Greet with refreshing mirth,
Glorious with glad re-birth
After the rain!

The Quest

I SEARCHED for love.

Armed for my quest with joy of youth,
With sword of faith and shield of truth,
I found the gem.

A Viking youth with hair like gold
Revealed to me a love untold
Within his heart:

And strange enough within my own,
I found a matching gem that shone
With love profound.

Then came the test.
Alone I stood and watched him go,
And weeping there I could not know
It was the end.

As absence forced us two apart
I saw the gem within his heart
Was full of flaws.

Revealed to me was grave mistrust
And jealousy's corrosive rust
Had marred his gem.

I turned away.

After the first dark clouds had gone,
And I could face the breaking dawn,
I dried my eyes:

And looking up my broken heart
Impervious to cupid's dart,
I sought a friend.

And I found you.

On friendship's altar laid we there
Our weary hearts and breathed a prayer
That it might last.

And as the days passed one by one,
We took new courage and the sun
Came out again.

You eased my pain; I shared your load;
We trudged together down the road,
And then behold!

We gazed into each other's eyes
And found in them to our surprise—
A love divine!

—Nellie Larson, Long Beach Ward,
Los Angeles Stake.



VANGUARDS



A Year-round Guide for Vanguard Leaders

THE PROGRAM	WHEN IT SHOULD BE DONE	WHO SHOULD DO IT
Membership and Registration	M. I. A. Opening Party Vanguard Committee Correlation Plan Individual Appeal	President Chm. Vanguard Committee M. I. A. President Priesthood—Sunday School Seminary All Leaders (15-16) Local Scout Executive
Course of Study Merit Badge Field	Every Week	Ward Vanguard Leaders (Vanguard-Scoutmasters)
Projects	Anniversary Dates (Summer Season)	Vanguard Committee—Leaders—M. I. A., etc.
Church-wide Contests	In Season: Archery—Winter and Spring Vanball—Fall and Winter Retold Story—Year Round (Without Contest)	Leaders and Community Specialists.
ACTIVITIES Athletic-Track Meets Hikes and Camping Rallies	April and May All Year Round Fall and Winter (For Special Purposes)	Vanguard Leaders and Experts Vanguard Leaders and Experts Vanguard Leaders and Experts
Socials Council Fires Ceremonials	Once a year with girls Once a quarter (Courts of Honor) When Scout Becomes Vanguard at Coun- cil Fires	Vanguard Leaders and Girl Leaders. District Vanguard Commissioner and Dis- trict Vanguard Committee Vanguard Leaders
Reading Course Book "The Book Nobody Knows"	Year Round	Vanguard Leaders
Civic Service	As opportunities come	Vanguard Leaders
Court of Honor	At Council Fires or Monthly (With Scouts or Separately)	Court of Honor Committee
Advancement	One Merit Badge a Month	Vanguard Leaders and Experts
Vanguard Leaders' Minute	At close of each meeting	Vanguard Leaders
Legend of the Arrowhead	All year round	All Vanguards with Scribe
Traditions	To motivate Program year round: 1. At Initiations 2. Ceremonials 3. Troop Meetings 4. Vanguard Leaders' Minute	Vanguard Leaders and Committeemen
Vanguard Emblem	When Scout Becomes a Vanguard At Ceremonials. etc.	Vanguard Leaders and Committeemen

Ward Teacher's Message, Oct., 1934

(Continued from page 553)

A CERTAIN WAY TO HEALTH

Positive Teachings

1. Eat meat very sparingly.
2. Eat fresh fruit liberally.
3. Eat fresh and cooked vegetables regularly.
4. Eat grains (ground whole) in bread or porridge daily.

5. Drink water, fruit juices, grain extracts or milk in abundance.
6. Sleep regularly, from early evening to early morning.
7. Labor regularly and steadily with body and mind.
8. Secure a correct mental attitude—have faith, hope and charity.
9. Seek and practice the truth of religion.

Negative Teachings

1. Drink no alcoholic beverages.
2. Use no tobacco.
3. Drink no tea or coffee.

4. Avoid refined foods.

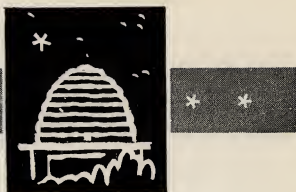
Rewards of the Word of Wisdom

1. Health of Body.
2. Mental Efficiency.
3. Immunity from Disease.
4. Spiritual joy and understanding.

History of the Word of Wisdom

1. Promulgated in 1833 by the Prophet Joseph Smith as a revelation from God.
2. Practiced since then, by the Latter-day Saints, as a religious principle.

BEE HIVE GIRLS



Changes in the Bee-Hive Plan

1. *The new Purpose is:*
To train for service
To enrich girlhood
To promote faith in God and a love for his Gospel plan.
2. *Membership.* Membership is open to all girls (whether members of the L. D. S. Church or not) of twelve, thirteen and fourteen years of age, inclusive, providing they will have passed their twelfth birthday by October 31st of the year in which they enter the M. I. A.
3. *Ranks.* There are three ranks, named respectively: Builder in the Hive, for the twelve-year-old girl; Gatherer of Honey, for the thirteen-year-old girl; and Guardian of the Treasure, for the fourteen-year-old girl.
4. *Trial Flights.* Trial flights must be taken as an initiation into which ever rank a girl enters. For the majority of girls these will be taken prior to entrance into the Rank of Builder in the Hive.
5. The work of Builders in the Hive and Gatherers of Honey consists of the filling of cells, that of Guardians of the Treasure consists of making of Bee-Lines.
6. Fourteen Bee-Lines are required for completion of the Rank of Guardian of the Treasure, seven being foundation Bee-Lines and seven structural.
7. Honor Requirements are provided for those who wish to do more work than is required for ranks (especially during the summer season), for which Honor Badges are given. A girl may earn as many of these as she desires, but when fourteen are earned in addition to completion of the three ranks, she is entitled to wear the Honor Ring and to be called an Honor Bee. She may begin earning Honor Awards when she is a Builder in the Hive.
8. The Swarm and each girl should choose a symbol, but the name is optional.
9. When the Trial Flights have been taken and the girl is ready to enter a rank, she may wear the emblem of that rank. On Swarm Day she is given the emblem of the next rank, but she will not be permitted to wear the completed emblem when she becomes a Guardian of the Treasure unless she has done the work of the two previous ranks.

Special Announcement Girls of 12-13

IT has been decided by the First Presidency of the Church that in order to avoid duplication of work and confusion, arising through girls of twelve and thirteen belonging to two organizations, hereafter these girls are to be assigned to the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association.

10. At the day of the Swarm the girls who have been working as Guardians of the Treasure will receive certificates of promotion to the next department in the M. I. A.

11. Slight changes will occur in the formations—the old names will be discontinued. They will be called, respectively, Builder's, Gatherer's and Guardian's formations, one being used for each rank.

12. The new Promise is: On my honor I will endeavor each day to live by the Spirit of the Hive, which is—Have Faith, Seek Knowledge, Safeguard Health, Honor Womanhood, Understand Beauty, Value Work, Love Truth, Taste the Sweetness of Service, Feel Joy.

Adjustments:

ALL girls coming to Mutual this year whether or not they have previously taken Bee-Hive work will follow the new plan. They are to take the Trial Flights and join the rank prepared for their age group. For example:

1. All girls entering at 12 will take the Trial Flights and work as Builders in the Hive.

2. All girls entering at 13 years of age will take the Trial Flights and enroll as Gatherers of Honey.

3. All girls 14 years of age will take the Trial Flights after which they become Guardians of the Treasure and do the work outlined for this rank. It would mean that girls having completed the Rank of Builders in the Hive last year would not be required to complete the work for Gatherers of Honey before becoming Guardians. However, they should be encouraged to make up the work of the Rank of Gatherers on the outside or during

next summer, before going on to the Junior Department next year.

4. We call attention to the following plan worked out last year with the Primary Association for girls having done Mikanwee work.

"One—that paths in the Mikanwee program be started (two each month) for which the girls may take credit when they enter Mutual and become Bee-Hive girls.

"Two—a strict record will be kept by the Primary Mikanwee Counselor of these paths each girl completes which will correspond to the cells in the Bee-Hive for which she may receive credit.

"Three—upon presentation of the record to the Bee-Keeper a test will be given, upon satisfactory completion of which each girl will receive proper credit and award."

Paths were started in the Mikanwee work last year, so that many of the girls will have earned quite a number of them to apply on their structural cell filling. We ask that our Bee-Keeper follow the above instructions in giving credit for these paths. This work done in Primary is to be applied in making up work in the first two ranks, Builders in the Hive and Gatherers of Honey and not to apply on the Bee-Lines for Guardians of the Treasure.

We hope that the Bee-Hive Girls' Hand Book will be ready by the time Mutual begins. If it shouldn't, we give you herewith the Trial Flights so that you may begin working on them without delay.

Trial Flights

As an initiation into the Ranks each girl is required to take the following Trial Flights:

1. Read or listen to "The Story of the Life of the Bee," (by Clarissa A. Beesley).

2. Read Section 1—The General Bee-Hive Plan.*

3. Learn the Purpose, the Spirit of the Hive, the Bee-Hive Call and the Salute.

4. Give the Bee-Hive Promise with Salute.

5. Salute the flag and take the pledge of allegiance to it.

As these are Trial Flights, not Cells, no seals will be awarded for their completion. They should all be taken within the first month of the season.

*Trial Flight No. 2, "Read the General Bee-Hive Plan" should be left until the new Hand Book is received, as we wish you to follow the new plan.

Little Hobo

(Continued from page 543)

"Oh—but aren't you afraid to go about alone?"

The girl smiled. "No. I'm not afraid. I won't tell you how I'm traveling or you'll think I'm mad. But I'm not afraid."

"Tell me."

"No." Something about his accent and the cut of his clothes, although dusty, made Betty keep from him the story of her little second-hand Ford. Somehow, she was afraid he would laugh at her. And here she made a mental note to have Tommy, the boy in the garage, look at her starter again. Something was wrong with it. Too much dust, perhaps. She must have something permanent done about it when she got to her uncle's lodge at Whiterock Springs. He owned the resort, and had the best mechanic on the desert working for him. For a time she had been undecided as to whether or not she would drop by and pay them a visit before she went back to Redlands, but the state of her starter decided her. If she passed up a good chance to get her starter repaired, she would probably be cranking the little Ford the rest of its life.

She had taken it in on the down payment of a lot adjoining the cottage her aunt had left her, in which they had been living at the time of her aunt's death. And Betty had resolved that when summer came, she would go touring. Now her tour was almost over. She had started out with over two hundred dollars and the little Ford, but her money was nearly gone. Maybe her uncle would let her work for him until she could make enough money to get home. But beyond this she dared not think.

It would be unbearable to go on the way she had been living since that sweet-faced, kind little woman had been taken from her. * * *

SHE saw him again at luncheon. He was eating alone over in the corner near the wide window overlooking the Gorge. When she entered the dining room, he glanced up and smiled broadly. He had shaved and was wearing tweed knickers. He rose and came toward her, and for the first time in Betty's life, she was conscious



SHE HANDED THEM EACH A MENU

of a rapid beating in her breast, and a confusion which she felt must be obvious.

"Eat with me," he invited. "I'm lonesome—and you seem to cheer me. I'm quite an old man, you know, and it isn't often old men are flattered by the presence of young femmes who admit hobosism."

Betty's laugh broke out and rippled around the deserted room. As soon as she could, she said, still laughing a little:

"All right. I'll eat with you, you poor old gentleman." Her eyes were shining, and her lips, half parted, were like the tips of Indian paintbrushes.

"I think you lack sincerity," he said, reprovingly, as though he were looking down over the rims of heavy spectacles. "I seldom feel you are sincere. You seem to laugh at me."

"With you," she corrected, as they sat down at his table.

During luncheon, Betty noticed that his eyes were hungry and that he watched her closely, eating very little. She noted, too, his hands moving constantly and his fingers tapping restlessly against the rough wood that formed the arms of his rustic chair.

"You seem nervous, Uncle Oscar," said the girl. "Could I help you by listening to your long, sad story?" She was smiling, but her question was sincere, and the man opposite her felt it and responded.

"Promise you won't be bored and I'll tell you about it. I'm

dying by inches. I can't stand it any longer. Do you know what I mean? I can't bear to be pigeon-holed and analyzed and attended—my diet carefully checked and noted, and my slightest indisposition medically treated. I like to be free—like the birds out here in the West. Not a bird in an aviary, but one that is really at liberty. Between my sister and my mother, I am never for a moment allowed to forget that I am a Bradford, and that I must marry a woman with an equally old line of ancestors. I tell them that I don't want to marry a gallery of ancestors who are already dust, but they poo-poo me into submission. I have only one more month of freedom and then—allez oop! Into prison I go—and stay.

"Two days ago I, as you so aptly put it, took life into my own hands, and scrambled. But I left a note for them saying I'd be here and would wait for them. Just so they wouldn't be alarmed. And they wired me they would worry until they got here. See? That's how it goes. They choose my wife, they censor my reading, so to speak; they regulate my diet. I can't be free. But I'm going to be—for a month more, anyway. When they get here I'll be gone, having left further directions for them. They're so utterly self-sufficient they don't need me. And when they get *there*—" He paused. "You've done something to me. This morning after I talked to you, I felt different—. Do you know what I mean? As though I had always been asleep, or something—."

Betty Lee smiled. She knew exactly what he meant!

"So," he announced as casually as though he were remarking the shining of the sun, "I'm going on with you."

"No!" Betty Lee rose quickly. "You can't. You can't travel with me. Suppose I'm on a walking tour?"

HER companion in tweed laughed. "Suppose you're not! I don't know how you're traveling, but you're not encumbered by people who map out your route and order your food. Say—" he said, suddenly alarmed, "You're not inclined to—er—order for a man, are you?"

She could not resist a smile of

amusement. His eyes were so serious; his words, so ridiculous.

"I'm going to follow you and learn how to be free!" he exulted. "I'm going to know that feeling now or never! I just thought I was a hobo before. Now I'm going to—"

But Betty Lee left him hurriedly. At the door she turned.

"Goodbye," she said. "You can have my ice cream."

She ran along the corridor and disappeared in her room as his footsteps reached the hall. She heard him tramping through the corridor for a long time after she was locked in her room, her heart pounding wildly. What should she do? Her eyes were shining as she sat by the window, the light of the sun reflected from the red cliffs outside, throwing a soft rose glow over her. She was thinking of the way his hair grew back from his face—and how startlingly civilized he seemed in his immaculate tweeds, with his fresh shave. He was so—so—Betty groped for words to describe him—manly. She had never been in love, but something about this man held her—gripped her—

Without being seen she managed to get her one suitcase into the back seat of the little car and drive through the gates of the hotel, but as she rounded a bend in the road she came upon him, seated dejectedly on a flat rock. As she drove into sight he rose, a broad smile across his face, and came toward her. Her heart almost stopped beating. As her engine murmured and died, he stepped on to the running board, took her hand off the wheel, and pressed it against his white polo shirt to the left of his tie.

"Please," he said, and his eyes held a longing that struck a sympathetic note in the girl, "you wouldn't desert a sinking ship!"

"I," said Betty Lee, with a gesture of recklessness, "would sink a deserted ship!" But her voice was a little more forlorn than it should have been. She said:

"How old is your mother?"

"Fifty-eight."

"Think of her for a moment. Is she so self-sufficient as you say?"

He shifted his eyes to the far horizon, and bit his lip. "Your inclination is toward—realism."

"See?" she said. "You'll have to wait. Goodbye."

"But I must see you again."

"It won't do any good."

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Where's that?"

"That way," she said, pointing.

"And you must be—sensible."

Suddenly the man laughed.

"I *am* acting like a little child, am I not?"

She nodded and smiled. It was a friendly smile, and warm.

"All right." He placed her hand on the wheel again, very gently. "I'll grow up. Goodbye, Gypsy."

MANY times that night the girl had occasion to regret leaving the lodge. There was no moon, and in many places the forest, which was dense, opened up paths running off the road that confused her. Then she would of necessity stop and flash her spotlight here and there to determine the right road. Too, the coyotes set up a dreary howling, and she felt that something dreadful must be following her. But she could not turn back. Out of the confusion and fear she felt, stood one thing bright and beautiful. There actually existed a man who measured up! Not that she would ever see him again. * * *

The dawn came at last and the girl's eyes were so heavy she decided to pull over to the side of the road and sleep for an hour or so. But she slept longer than she had intended and when she again opened her eyes the merciless desert sun was beating in upon her. She was at once wide awake. She looked around. Ahead, about two miles, she could see trees and houses, and what appeared to be barns and fences. She was very hungry. She stepped on the starter, but nothing happened. She tried again and again. At last she lifted the cushion of the front seat and fished about for a crank, but upon applying it, she found the engine would not budge! After an hour or so, she heard the steady purr of an engine and she looked up in time to see a great, powerful car sweep by her and with the whistling of tires against sand, stop about a dozen yards away. She ran over

to it, and stopped suddenly. At the wheel sat the Bradford man, and beside him a beautiful blonde woman, her brows raised, her eyes cold and disapproving. In the back seat was an elderly woman with iron-grey hair, solidly built, and with amusement in her eyes, so like her son's.

"Lost?" asked the man, and in his voice was deep concern.

"Yes," said Betty. "And I'm so grateful to you for coming along. I wonder if you could give me a lift to that town along the road so I can have a mechanic fix my car. It won't start."

"Let me see if I can fix it," he said, opening the door and joining her. She smiled.

"Charles!" snapped the blonde young woman. "You know nothing of this person. Please learn that every vagabond on the road is not your dearest friend."

But Charles paid not the slightest attention. The Ford, however, remained obdurate.

"I'll drive you to town," he said. "You slip in the back seat with Mother."

Neither woman spoke to her, and Betty Lee felt very small and forlorn. She heard the woman beside Charles say, "I see no reason why you didn't have her ride on the running board."

Under the roof of the largest repair garage in the little town, Charles got to speak to her alone.

"I'm sorry to have humiliated you, Little—"

"Hobo," she finished.

"I'll go back with you—"

She shook her head and smiled. A mechanic joined them, and Charles Bradford went back to his car, presently.

Within a few hours her car was speeding on past the little town toward Whiterock.

Her uncle was delighted to see her. Of course he'd fix the starter for her. She must stay for awhile.

"Uncle Bob," she said, "do you have enough waitresses here?"

"Why—yes. Why, Betty-girl?"

"I'm almost broke, and I thought—"

He laughed uproariously. "How much do you need?"

"She would accept nothing she had not earned, and insisted upon their giving her a white apron."

"I'll do a little waiting on tables," she smiled.

Her aunt shook her head. "It can't do any harm," she said to her

Time

SHE died

And my heart withered.

But time like cooling draught

Refreshed my memory and now

She lives!

—Mildred Tanner Pettit.

husband, later, "And she'll feel she's helping us."

THE dance pavilion overlooked a canyon of rare beauty. Above the lodge, in the crest of the mountains among the pines nestled a silver lake. Betty went exploring with a party of tourists the first day, but the second day she was determined to work.

She slipped into the white apron and opened the door of the big dining room. In the corner, his back toward her and facing his sister who recognized Betty instantly, she saw Charles Bradford! Wildly Betty cast about for someone to take her place, but no waitress appeared. She had difficulty breathing as she approached their table. The woman was asking him something and he was nodding assent. She handed them each a menu, and felt his eyes upon her. But she was looking beyond them, biting her lip. He did not speak, and the agony she suffered as she took their orders and hurried away from their table, was unbearable. Betty Lee asked another girl to serve them, and left the kitchen. All day long despair and gloom stalked her. Why hadn't he spoken? Was he at heart like his sister? She could not believe it!

The day dragged, but she did not see him again. Nor could she keep him out of her thoughts—nor her heart. About seven o'clock her aunt knocked at her door.

"Come, dear," she said. "Get into a party dress. Some people are coming in from the Grand Canyon and we must get something going."

"I didn't bring one," said Betty quickly, relieved at the simplicity of her excuse.

"I anticipated that," her aunt smiled, kindly, and produced a white satin one which, with minor adjustments, made Betty Lee a princess. She also produced long black lace gloves. But until Betty found herself on the floor of the ballroom, dancing with her Uncle Bob, her determination to not go was very strong.

She avoided seeing anyone, that first time round the floor, keeping her eyes on her uncle's face. But Charles had seen her, and when he at last caught her eye, she was forced by his will, by the earnestness of his eyes, to smile at him.

"Take me outside," she said, des-

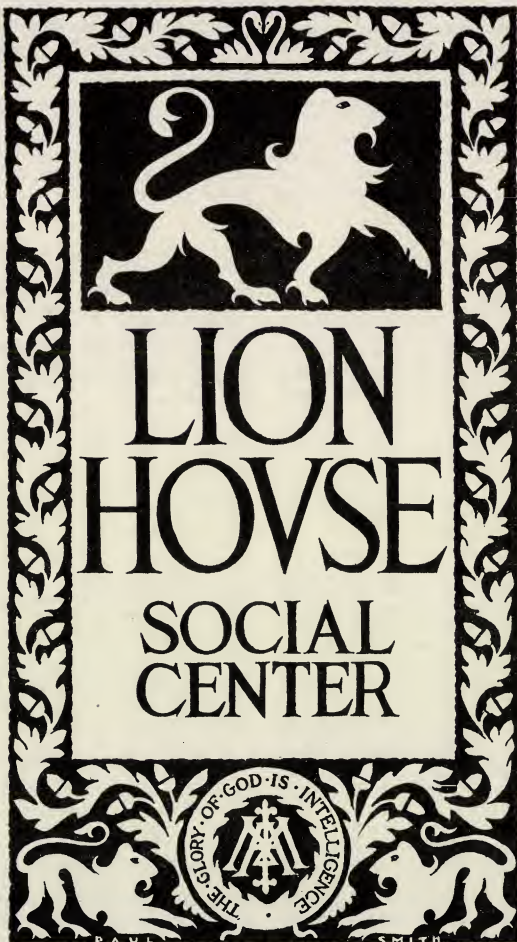
(Continued on page 574)

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Old Renegade

(Continued from page 534)

reared. But if the grizzly heard his approach, it gave him no attention. A charging grizzly is like a charging rhinoceros, blind to everything except the object of its charge. And that object was Big Jim Hardesty, with a useless rifle in his hands.

The animal stood taller than Scotty when it reared up and the man saw the bulging muscles of its shoulders as it lifted its paws. He could see the animal's gleaming, unsheathed claws, its glaring, open jaws, and heard its fierce low growl as it moved a step nearer to Big Jim.

Perhaps it was the bear's total disregard of him that inspired Scotty's action, perhaps the mere working out of some subconscious

idea that had been in his mind when he snatched up the fallen axe. Whatever it was, he suddenly darted forward, close in to the shaggy, towering hulk, and brought the blade of the axe crashing down through the back of the bear's skull.

The blow was fatal, though Scotty didn't realize it for an instant. He saw the bear sink forward, realized it was falling almost on top of Jim's crouched body and saw a convulsive tremor shake the beast's great form. The axe, imbedded in the animal's thick skull, was wrenched from his hands as the bear toppled forward with a final rasping growl.

Big Jim, slipping to one side as the bear fell, escaped a final swipe of the vicious claws. Rising to his feet, he moved around beside Scotty, stood watching the animal a moment to make sure it was dead,

then he turned toward his partner. "Reckon you saved my bacon, Scotty. And you only had an axe to do it with. He'd have got me, sure as shootin', after that cartridge jammed, if you hadn't tackled him with that axe. I reckon, after seein' this, I owe you an apology for that remark I made this mornin' about what you'd do if you had a run in with this old hellion."

"Forget it, Jim," Scotty said quietly. "I guess it's me that owes the apology, for poppin' off the way I did. I'm not overlookin' the fact that you got into this jam because you thought I was in danger. I reckon old Renegade meant somethin' more than that bounty to us. He caused us both to realize we may sometimes need each other."

And there was no smile on Big Jim's face as he nodded.

Glimpsed in a Flash

(Continued from page 534)

determined-looking woman bustled into the office; she was of the meddlesome type, that always knows everything in advance. Ignoring me completely, she peremptorily demanded that the principal drop from consideration this same young man that we were discussing. She said he was unfit to teach students of high school age. She said: "He is not orthodox."

When pressed with questions as to the specific heresy that would unfit this young man for teaching chemistry or mathematics, she was very vague; but she persistently reiterated the damning accusation: "He is not orthodox."

The principal's reply was illuminating. He said, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy; I think that is all there is to it." And he politely but firmly declined to discuss it further, unless she would present specific charges, in writing.

In a way, he was right. Some of us are inclined to condemn other opinions than our own, not because they are better or worse, but merely because they are different. But the question has another side.

Columbus was unorthodox, when he said the world was round; but he sailed around it,

until stopped by this continent.

Martin Luther was unorthodox; but he contributed to the reformation, which was to culminate in the restoration.

Joseph Smith was unorthodox, according to all the preachers of his time; but he ushered in the new dispensation.

Even Jesus was unorthodox, according to the learned Jews; but He gave the world the greatest message it has received.

Does this indicate that to be unorthodox is to be superior? Not at all. Some people are unorthodox through prejudice, or stubbornness, or mere stupidity; there is nothing creditable in that. Merely to be unorthodox has nothing to recommend it.

But some of the outstanding mile stones of progress have been set by people who had the courage to be unorthodox, either in defense of a great truth, or in opposition to a grave error.

Limited Omnipotence

WHEN I was enrolled in the First Intermediate department, I visited a Sunday School in the country. The teacher was a fine old gentleman, of patriarchal mien, whose principal occupation seemed to be the maintaining of his dignity. He was not a good teacher of boys.

The lesson for the day was on the omnipotence of God. The

teacher explained to us that this word meant that God could do anything, *anything*, ANYTHING. We heard recounted several of the Old Testament miracles, which were so worded as to make them sound as impossible as possible, in support of the claim that God could do anything, *a n y t h i n g*, ANY THING!

About the time that most of us got thoroughly tired of the reiteration of "anything," one of the boys, a thoughtful, shy youngster, asked somewhat timidly but quite seriously, "Could God make a rock so big He couldn't lift it?"

Naturally, the form of the question made us laugh; and the teacher, his dignity ruffled because there had been a laugh in his class, scolded the boy for his impudence, and sent him home!

Fortunately, the boy's father had more understanding; instead of punishing the boy, according to the teacher's outraged demand, the father tried to explain. But to explain without discrediting the teacher was a little beyond human capacity. He never was able to persuade the boy to return to Sunday School; being sent home in disgrace had hurt too much.

Was the question justified? Had not the teacher, by a bungling treatment of the subject, invited a question that he could not answer? And, instead of admitting himself in the wrong, had he not taken an

unfair advantage of the power of his position? Is it fair to growing children, to subject them to instruction that denies them the opportunity to think and to inquire? Is it fair to God?

I do not believe that God can do ANYTHING, in the sense in which this teacher used the word. God may serve out parts of the truth, in small portions, limited by the understanding of His non-understanding children; but He cannot perpetrate an untruth. He may permit us to suffer under the lim-

ited and changeable ideas of justice that vary with the degree of our civilization, but He cannot perpetrate an injustice. He may accomplish things far beyond our power to comprehend, or reason out, but He cannot be unreasonable.

Untruth, injustice and unreasonableness are not among the attributes of Deity.

Omnipotence is one of His attributes; but it may require omniscience to understand or to explain it.

(To be Concluded)

A Bump on the Head

(Continued from page 537)

would seem that the rank and file of us should know and remember certain significant indications that a given bump on the head threatens more than mild consequences. We should learn to observe the victim of injury, and to know when he is running into danger.

IT is well first to remember that *fracture of the skull is in no wise necessary to injury of the brain, or to tearing of a blood vessel inside the brain case.* Probably more people die of injuries where skull fractures do not occur, because the serious nature of their hurts is not realized and proper care given sufficiently early. Yet there are means by which even the untrained can gain an inkling of when something is going seriously wrong inside the head.

More serious injuries, of course, go to the hospital at once. With a lesser bump, count the individual's pulse rate, about one hour after the injury. It should be followed for one minute by the clock, then the number of beats and the time of day recorded. Three hours later, repeat this observation, and again, until four observations have been recorded at three hour intervals. Counts should be made in twenty-four and forty-eight hours after the injury.

At the end of that time, if no progressive slowing of the rate is apparent, and there have been no

other symptoms such as headache, blurred vision, nausea and vomiting, dizziness, unsteadiness in walking, or unusual drowsiness, and the person feels quite himself, the matter may be dismissed without further worry. However, if headache does occur, or if any of the other symptoms mentioned appear, a competent physician should be called without delay.

Slowing of pulse rate below what is normal to the particular person in question, following a bump on the head, is a danger signal, especially where that slowing is progressive from one observation to the next. It is likely to mean that pressure inside the skull is increasing, due to swelling of brain tissue, or to hemorrhage. Increased pressure there makes the heart work harder to force blood to vital centers in the brain, and decreases its speed. If succeeding counts show the pulse rate to be growing slower and slower it means that the person's life is in immediate danger, and help must be speedily given.

Should the pulse rate seem to become more rapid during the period of observation, and some headache appear at times, a physician should be called.

We must remember too that a person who has suffered actual damage through a supposedly mild head injury is not out of danger from complications for at least one week, and should not be permitted to resume his work, or any strenuous exercise, within that period.

Vomiting, convulsions, and unconsciousness should never be permitted to develop from a mild bump on the head; and they will not do so if proper care is given.

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Social Planning

(Continued from page 540)

to have met with marked success in aiding and guiding workers in vocational adjustments.

THE unemployment effects of seasonal and stylistic fluctuations and of vocational and industrial trends can be charted by the service, and this data can be used in the planning of measures to overcome these effects. Only the statistics of a national employment system can have true value for these

purposes, as the overlapping and gaps in coverage that occur when a number of separate employment systems seek to pool their data makes the data worthless. Also, the statistical data of such a service is necessary to the intelligent planning of public works; and the service provides a means for checking on applicants for relief.

Finally, a public employment service provides the administrative basis that is necessary for unemployment insurance. The experience of European countries has demonstrated this rather conclusively. Although the United States doesn't have unemployment

insurance at present, except in the state of Wisconsin, it seems likely that it will be established throughout the nation within the next few years.

In many ways, America is at the crossroads today. Old methods of business and of social control have broken down, or are relatively ineffective. In the reconstruction that must take place before our civilization can be secure, the public employment service can be a valuable aid in adjusting and stabilizing the nation's industrial and social life if it is used intelligently to that end.

Glancing through

(Continued from page 549)

But happily the days of mawkish in a clear-eyed and objective way, on the hard tennis court or the chemical lab. One co-ed addressed her boyfriend over the crucibles thus, according to Bill:

"Let's try sulphuric acid, Bill.
Why must you day-dream now? At four this should be done."
"You couldn't go there words wait
Another chance, for I am hoping still.

These students of 1934 have out-lived sentimentality and cynicism and still write about willow trees and lovers' moon; but the moon has no mushy tears in its eyes. These undergraduates observe joyfully a pine against a barn, a low-hanging cloud, motherhood, athletic comradeship of the sexes; the folly rather than the glamor of war. They seem to be up with the dawn, walking before breakfast.

And they seem to have forgotten the depression. Only one poem—from Idaho—is about getting a job, and the author sounds so sturdy and gay that he is likely to find a job the minute

he gets out of college. Security and a sense of cooperation and initiative are implicit in their philosophy. They do not ask anything of life they are not ready to put into it. Youth today seems to be turning the tide to a new era of cooperation plus personal courage. There is hope for America in such young people emerging from the depression; they do not berate society; instead, they are purposefully ready to adapt themselves to a friendlier social order or to reshape their environment masterfully to suit their own ideas. They are eager to take the open road, strong and content.

Faith

(Continued from page 547)

"If your father isn't any better by noon, I guess you'd better go," she said. "You couldn't go there and back in one day anyway."

During the forenoon, while I was away from the house working, a neighbor came in and told Mother that one of her sons had a sore throat like father's. They called me in from the fields and told me to saddle our fastest horse and set out.

I rode like mad, almost without stopping. The night was nearly gone, and the horse nearly dead when I reached Provo. The doctor started out with me at dawn the next morning. I was on a fresh horse, of course.

THE night was far advanced when we arrived home. I shall never forget how my mother looked when she came to the door to let

us in. Her eyes were haggard, and her hands shook. I had never realized before that my mother was an old woman.

"The elders have just left," she said quietly. "They administered to David!"

"David!" I echoed blankly. I was so tired I could hardly move. "Is he sick too?" I managed to ask.

Mother and the doctor had gone out of the room. My sister came over to me.

"Yes, Dave is sick. Father is dead."

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "poor mother." Exhausted, numbed by this last shock, I dropped into the nearest chair, and in a moment, because it was a physical impossibility to do anything else—my eyes closed.

When I awoke, I heard low voices in the adjoining bedroom. I arose and tiptoed in. Mother was sitting on my brother's bed with his head in her lap. Her face

was drawn and tight. Her eyes were exceedingly bright. They almost seemed to burn. My sister sat in one corner of the room weeping quietly. The doctor was pacing the floor. John, the twin brother to the sick boy on the bed, was sitting at the foot of the sick bed, and beckoned to me. His eyes were wet.

"Dave is dying," he whispered. I was numb. I seemed to feel nothing, or to be watching quite impersonally what was going on.

It was soon over. David died in his mother's arms with a smile on his lips. Mother slowly disengaged her arms from round the boy's body. Gently she laid his head back. She stood up slowly, almost as if she were dreaming. Her eyes seemed to be seeing something far away.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord," she quoted slowly and quite distinctly. Then she pitched headlong onto the bed, her body racked with dry sobs.

Know Your Snakes

(Continued from page 531)

straight downwards, and rarely indeed is it that a snake misses its mark. The cobras are native to the Old World, and it is estimated on good authority that over 20,000 natives of India are killed annually by these deadly reptiles. Awe inspiring is their appearance as they raise their body three or four feet from the ground and erect the "hood" preparatory to striking. The hood is erected by means of extending the vertebrae located in the neck of the reptile.

IN these United States we have, in the southeastern and southwestern states, a close relative of the Old World cobra, in the coral snake. Its venom, too, drop for drop, is more deadly than that of any of our other venom species. Fortunately the coral snake is rarely seen as it is nocturnal in habit and favors subterranean burrows. The fangs, too, are short, and ordinary loose clothing would be protection from the bite of a coral snake even if one were encountered. They are most prettily and bizarrely marked as their general color scheme is coral and the body is encircled with alternating bands of red, yellow, black and yellow repeated markings in the order named. Unlike other snakes, the coral snakes are not colored so that they blend in and harmonize with their surroundings. Protective coloration, though, plays quite an important part in the concealment of other species.

Many young, enthusiastic but uninformed naturalists will avow that the one true characteristic of a venomous snake is its arrow-shaped head. This unfortunately, is not true. The coral snakes, for instance, have a head that is somewhat blunt and is little bigger than the rest of the body. The only true determination of whether a snake is venomous or otherwise is, aside from suffering from its bite, its possession of both venom sacs and fangs, and as either method of determination would entail too close an observation for an amateur, it is as well to give snakes a wide berth until one is able to recognize the venomous species at sight. Museums and zoological gardens usually have a collection of

reptiles, among which the venomous species of the locality are sure to be found. Watching them for a few minutes would be sufficient for the average person to ever after recognize the venomous ones.

In this country we are fortunate indeed in only having four venomous types of snakes. The rattlesnakes, being the most widely distributed of the venomous snakes within our borders, are to be found all over the United States, and there are many species of these reptiles but they all have the one determining feature of a rattle. Lots of people are under the impression that the age of a rattlesnake may be judged by the number of rattles it possesses—not that its age is of paramount importance except to someone who may have killed one and then, of course, this becomes an important item in telling about the feat. To digress a moment. Anyone who has seen a snake in the woods or desert will invariably say that it was six or eight feet long and at least three or four inches in circumference. One wonders why the small, natural-sized snakes are so seldom seen! Perhaps a snake story to be good must at least equal the yarns of amateur fishermen! To return to the rattlesnakes and their age. When born, the young rattlesnake has a small button on the end of its tail which, with each shedding of its skin, is increased by another rattle. As a healthy snake is apt to shed its skin every six to eight weeks during the summer, this is not a really accurate way of determining its age. Then, too, the rattles are frequently broken off. There are several species of rattlesnakes in this country, the largest of which is the Diamondback rattlesnake found in the southeastern portion of the United States which measures up to eight or nine feet in length. Thanks to a corporation in Florida which is canning rattlesnake meat for our delectation there probably will be a considerable decrease in the number of these reptiles if the reports of the tremendous sales are an indication of the inroads the corporation is making into the Diamondback rattlesnake family. 'Tis said that rattlesnake meat is a rare delicacy—and that, too, without consulting Mr. Ripley.

SNAKES move with great facility, speed and silence. They strike,

too, with amazing rapidity. So quick is the movement of the head in striking that it can scarcely be followed by the eyes. Snakes may or may not give warning before they strike either by hissing or else, in the case of the rattlesnakes, vibrating the rattles on the end of the tail. The average striking distance is not more than a third of the reptile's body length, though this may be exceeded should the snake be on a smooth surface, for the force with which it strikes might cause the body to slide a short distance forward. The usual position for a bite is anywhere below the knee, but more frequently it is confined to the feet or ankles of the victim. One should be careful in climbing over or on to rocks never to put the hands on a ledge or rock the top of which is not clearly in view, for it would be disconcerting to say the least to meet a venomous snake face to face. Snakes, except for the Spitting Cobra, do not spit venom, though in some instances a snake might miss its objective and the fangs catch in its own mouth, when some venom would naturally be thrown off. Some species of snakes have fixed fangs, others have



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hinged ones which are folded back in a membranous sheath when not in use. Once the venom sacs are empty, it takes from five to ten days for them to refill, so that if a snake had killed a rodent it is probable that its supply of venom would be exhausted, and that a not very severe reaction would occur if an individual were bitten shortly thereafter. It is thought by some that venomous snakes used by performers have had their fangs removed, but this would not be a satisfactory manner of attempting to incapacitate a venomous snake, as accessory fangs would quickly grow out.

The other two families of venomous snakes found within our borders are the Copperheads or Highland Moccasins and the Water Moccasins. These two are closely related to each other, though the Water Moccasin is only found in swampy districts in southeastern Virginia to Florida, in the Mississippi Valley and westward to central Texas. The Copperhead is confined to the somewhat large area composed of the eastern states from Massachusetts to eastern Florida, westward to central Illinois, Kansas and the Rio Grande. The Water Moccasin is a dull olive brown color and has numerous indistinct dark bands, but the copperhead is of two shades of brown which make it blend in admirably with fallen leaves or light brown or gray sandy soil.

THE venom of different snakes causes different reactions. Some affect the nervous system causing the victim to lose all control over his head so that it lolls from side to side. Other venoms cause a coagulation of blood under the skin, bleeding from all openings on the body such as the eyes, ears, nose, etc., dizziness and vomiting, as well as a painful swelling of the affected area. In fact it is far from a pleasant experience to be bitten by a venomous snake, and prompt and heroic measures must be adopted if the victim is to continue to enjoy life. First, a tourniquet must be placed tightly enough over the area to prevent a return flow of blood, and this must be loosened every fifteen minutes for a few seconds and then retightened so that a gangrenous condition of the wound may be avoided. The actual area around the needle-like incisions (it is said that snake fangs were the precursor to our modern

hypodermic needles) should be painted with iodine and incisions made by a sterilized knife or razor blade one quarter of an inch deep by a quarter of an inch long over the actual punctures. Then, if one lacks a snake-bite suction outfit and has no abrasions, faulty teeth or cuts in the mouth, suction should be applied for twenty minutes every hour until the swelling subsides. Suction naturally tends to remove a goodly quantity of the venom, though little will be extracted during the early part of the operation. As the area swells, more incisions should be made at the edges of the area and suction be applied. Care, of course, must be taken to avoid cutting into tendons or veins. The venom and blood as it is drawn off should be expectorated immediately. The victim should be kept as quiet as possible and not be allowed to exert himself at all. In addition, no alcoholic stimulation should be given as it would only tend to increase the heart action and the blood circulation which, in turn, would expedite the diffusion of the venom through the victim's blood system. Of course, a doctor should be brought to the sufferer just as quickly as possible. Cauterizing snake bite wounds is useless, being purely a somewhat barbaric suggestion of wild west writers.

Several serpentariums have been established in various parts of the world and in them venomous snakes are kept for the purpose of "milking" or extracting the venom. This is then injected into healthy horses in very small doses which are increased weekly until after about six months the animals are deemed ready for testing. Their blood has set up a reaction and an antivenin has been formed, and the blood is tested for its efficacy. About eight quarts of blood is drawn from each animal, and this is allowed to clot when a serum rises to the surface. This is removed, filtered and sterilized, put up in 10 c. c. syringes, and is ready to be used in cases of venomous snake bite. The antivenin for use against the venom of our North American venomous species is polyvalent, being made from the venom of the water moccasin, the copperhead and the rattlesnake. Antivenin is injected in the area of the bite and offsets neurotoxic effects but in no case should incision and suction be omitted from the treatment of venomous snake bite.

All snakes are capable of biting, but the bite of the harmless varieties is no more painful or serious than a number of pinpricks, but it is advisable to be sure that you recognize the snake, and to do that it is necessary to become familiar with the appearance and general characteristics of the four venomous types found in this country.

Reminiscences of Charles W. Nibley

(Continued from page 529)

What cooking was done we did on that fire for we had sold our stove to John Stoddard, who was the father of George Stoddard, for a piece of land over in the east field. I can remember that one day Brother James A. Leishman (who at this date, 1915, is still living) asked me if we had sold our stove and for what. I told him and he intimated that we had rather been imposed upon in the deal as he said he would not give that stove for the whole of the east field. That east field land is now worth more than \$100.00 an acre.

There was no window of any kind whatever in our house. Neither was there a door. My mother hung up an old quilt or piece of an old quilt, which served as a door for the first winter. This was our bedroom, our parlor, our sitting room, our sleeping room, our kitchen, everything in this room of about 12x16. How in the world we all got along in it I do not in the least remember, but we did manage somehow. Of course when you mention comfort or anything like comfort, there could have been none of it there, but I do recollect that my dear old mother has stated on many occasions that no queen who ever entered her palace was ever happier or prouder of shelter and the blessings of the Lord than she was when she entered that completed dug-out. (To be Continued)

You

YOU catch the golden thread of love
And weave it round my darkest days,
until,
The shadows glow with opalescent light
As sunset rays beyond a hill.

You touch each somber moment
With a bit of golden you and then,
Each tear becomes a jewel bright
For memory's crown a diadem.

—Mildred Tanner Pettit.

Skin Deep

(Continued from page 520)

warm oriental rugs covering the dark ship-board flooring in Hurley Worth's living room. They came up in front of a large canvas at the far end of the long room. There she stood quietly, Hurley at her side, and gazed upward with eyes in which a strange amazed expression took form and merged swiftly into a look of veiled revolt.

To say the least, the figure on the canvas aroused interest, it was so muscular of build, drab of garb, and dull of feature. Toil stamped the young woman. Her large round staring eyes conveyed to Cynthia a soul that understood nothing but work. As if, even had there been the capacity for finer mental ascent, this woman would have wilfully held herself to the lowly, the humble, and uninspiring. To Cynthia, the face appeared stupid, dull, animal. There was no beauty about it. Not even emotion. She looked sodden, stunted. She made Cynthia think of a chunk of grey earth, at the side of a dreary dusty road!

Hurley's hand touched her arm, but Cynthia did not turn to him. She continued to stare at the picture.

"There you see real beauty," he said with something approaching awe in his voice. "Real beauty, Cynthia."

"Beauty—" Cynthia's tones grated. "The figure portrays a woman who has chosen the sombre and the colorless experiences of life, rather than the vivid and happy."

"Showing character," spoke Hurley. "Hence, beauty, my dear. For, after all, character is beauty, you know, Cynthia—the only beauty there actually is."

Cynthia lifted her eyes and looked at him. His handsome face was deeply serious.

"You—you think so?" she stumpled. "That's the way you see it?"

"It is! I could never see it in any other way!"

Cynthia swung her gaze back to the stodgy figure in oils, staring down at her from the canvas. She tried to grasp this man's viewpoint, to appreciate his conception of beauty, to see what he saw in that thick, unattractive figure to call beautiful. But it was useless! To her the woman was repulsive—a thing to be laughed at, and scorned!

And Hurley Worth likened her to—to this! He called this woman magnificent! "Like you," he said.

BETTS tramped into the room and pushed between the two. She had Kiople under one arm, and Justis under the other. With wide eyes she stared up at the painting.

"Is she a farm woman, Hurley?" came her question. "Does she raise apricots, like Cousin Cynthia does?"

"I'm not sure what she does," he answered dreamily. "I'm sure only that she is beautiful, Betsy."

"Beautiful? My goodness! That woman? Why, I'd never call her that! She's not even pretty—hardly good looking. Mercy! Why, excuse me, Hurley dear, but that lady looks to me like a regular—cabbage woman!"

"Cabbage woman!" Cynthia's laugh rang through the room, but the words had a strange effect upon her. She wanted to get away. She turned quickly, left the house, and started across the orchard. Hurley strode beside her. Betts tagging at their heels heard Cynthia say:

"I must run into town this morning, Hurley."

"To see Truman on that Joel Nevers irrigating deal, I suppose."

"No—a little shopping."

"Let me drive you in."

"I'd rather you'd be at my house,

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Hurley, when I return. I think I'll have something to show you."

GEE, Cynthia, that traffic cop we just skimmed past gave you a horrible murderous look!"

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"Thanks, lamb. I'm beginning to believe you're my guardian angel, Betsy."

Cynthia slowed her car, and tried at the same time to bring her racing thoughts down to forty miles an hour. Cabbage woman—did she raise apricots like Cynthia did? * * Character is beauty—the only real beauty there is! * * Drab, sodden, joyless! No life! No happiness! No color! * * She could never go on with it—never—never!

"Betts," she said very quietly, "I believed once if I were very plain and very unattractive, and a man loved me in spite of that, I would be supremely satisfied and content. But I'm not! I'm not the least little bit! I'm all achy and squirmy and writhing inside. That picture of Hurley's brought me to my senses. I didn't realize until I stood before that stupid ugly woman that I was submitting to a soggy colorless existence I could never endure—I was headed straight and sure for being a—cabbage woman myself!" She paused, took a long deep relieved breath. "Why, lamb, that person wouldn't even know what a pretty frock was for—likely as not she'd clean floors with it! And hats or shoes or—"

"Lipstick or rouge," added

Betts. "Powder or luring perfumes—em—"

"I'd never be able to stand it, Betsy, going on for years without things—looking plain and dull and ugly. I'm going to get some decent duds today and try him out!"

"Try who out? David? Gee, he'd be tickled pink!"

"I mean Hurley Worth."

"Oh!" gasped Betts, and, being absorbed in the scenery forgot to say more.

The morning flew. Cynthia and Betts poured in and out of exclusive shops like two clear-headed headstrong little rivers dancing upon their way to a glorious sea. When, finally, the tour was ended, and Betts gazed upon her cousin as a finished product, the child found it hard to control herself.

"You'll knock him cold—you'll punch his eye out!" she exclaimed. "He'll drop dead of joy! You're a picture, Cynthia! You're perfectly beautiful! I love your hair cut short—I adore your hat—and those pumps make your feet look as tiny as a fairy's. That peachy dress and gorgeous fur scarf—boy! What a dream! And I'm sure Hurley will think so too. How could he help himself?"

"He liked me plain, Betsy—I had character then." Cynthia's voice sounded a little desperate and bitter. "Men are funny animals, lamb."

And to this Betts thoroughly agreed the instant she and her lovely cousin stepped from Cynthia's car at the steps of her big white house, and Hurley Worth strode quickly along the orchard path to greet them. She watched with amazement the expression of his handsome face change as he neared. She saw the eagerness and sweetness turn into a kind of hardened mask. She saw his lips tighten and his eyes grow small and piercing.

"Is this what you went to the city for?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Cynthia, in a tiny strained voice. "To get some clothes."

HE reached out and turned her about, peering at her as if she were some kind of specimen strange to him. Then he made a brief outward gesture with his hands and inquired:

"What do these things mean to you, Cynthia?"

Cynthia straightened and lifted her coppery head. "They mean that I would never be a cabbage woman, Hurley."

"Cabbage—woman—"

"Cabbage woman, yes," burst in Betts. "Like that picture of yours, Hurley. That ugly picture where the woman likes to work and nothing else! Cynthia likes pretty things—she loves to be beautiful!"

"That isn't being beautiful." His voice was like steel. "She's spoiled herself!"

"She's just the same!" declared Betts.

"She couldn't be! If this sort of thing is important to her—this superficial surface stuff—finer, deeper things are not! Her thought could not be taken by both—that's impossible. The other way she stood out from the world, grand, uncommon! Now—now she's just like hundreds of others cluttering the city streets and tea rooms—silly, ordinary, characterless, and unlovely! Cosmetics and dress have been given the place of better things!"

Betts watched the color swiftly deepen in Cynthia's face. She watched her adjust her modish little hat to a still gayer angle. She watched her give her fur scarf a shake and place it more defiantly about her shoulders. Then she watched her turn to her car and step in. Betts hastened to follow. Cynthia started the car and they moved smoothly down the drive.

"Where are we going, Cynthia dear?" sweetly questioned Betts.

"To see about an irrigation ditch, my darling," as sweetly replied her cousin.

"Oh, that Joel Nevers!" sputtered Betsy. "That stubborn red-headed pig!"

"Auburn-headed, you mean, lambkins. And there are waves in it, remember, little one," corrected Cynthia gen'ly. "But as for sub-

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born—well, I'll have to admit, that you're right in that regard. I haven't so much as caught a flash of the gentleman since last April."

"I bet he got mad about something, and it was all his own fault!"

"I bet he did too—but it wasn't quite all his own fault. A teeny, weeny bit was mine, Betsy."

Betts said to herself that the old house Joel lived in was a disgrace, and why didn't he build himself a new one. She stared at it fiercely as they swung up in front of it, and continued to stare when Joel himself came tearing down the rickety steps and stood leaning against Cynthia's orchid sports roadster. Betsy expressed the opinion to herself that orchid and red clashed something terrible. But didn't his brown eyes have a kind of look of velvet about them?

"I came to talk with you—seeing you refuse to consider the matter through my lawyer—about getting water from your supply to that south fifty acres of mine. I have to have it, or let my trees die. The finest trees on my place! Will you sell me what I need for the season?"

"Sell you water—," Betts wondered why his voice sounded so thick and wobbly. "When I begged you steadily for a whole year to let me give you everything I possess—even my heart and soul, Cynthia!"

"This is a purely business proposition, Joel," Cynthia sounded queer too, and she wasn't looking at Joel.

"It doesn't matter what kind of a proposition you came to make. You're here! That's all I care about. And I'm not going to let you go until you hear what I have to say!" Betts saw his hand go out and close over Cynthia's upon the wheel. "Cynthia, everything was my fault," he admitted. "I was just pig-headed and stubborn, that was all! I'm sorry! Forgive me, please, dear! I love you! You're the sweetest, the most precious, the most beautiful—"

"Do you realize, Mr. Joel Nevers," Betts cut in sharply, "that beauty is only skin-deep—and sometimes not even that?"

Joel's eyes widened, and a low rumbling laugh broke from his strong throat.

"I realize that I'm mad about

Cynthia Jordan," he answered with careful courtesy. "And I want most terribly to marry her!"

"For her money—for her brains—for her beauty? Which?" demanded Betts as severely as she could with his brown eyes so adoringly upon Cynthia. "Or for her grand character—like a cabbage woman's—with nothing but ugly clothes?"

"For the whole shooting match!" Joel Nevers replied with such alacrity that he made Betts jump, and she thought how strong and determined that red-headed jaw of his looked just then. "For her money, her brains, her beauty—skin-deep, or the depths of the sea! For herself. Suffocated in silks, or shivering in rags! Any old way at all, Betsy, would make a certain undeserving wretch the happiest man in the world!"

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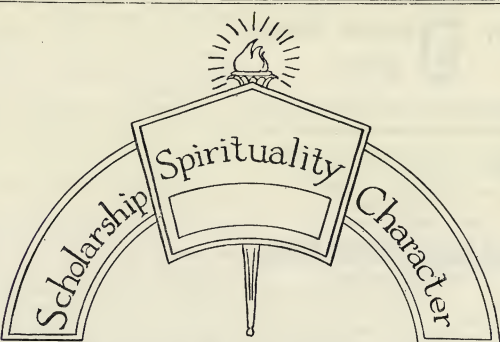
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Little Hobo

(Continued from page 565)

perately, as the music ended. "I want to see the canyon in the dark." Her uncle chuckled.

"All right, Betty-girl. But I think you're keeping something from me."

They stopped near the railing and looked over into the gorge whose stream of water shimmered in the starlight. Tonight there were no clouds.

"Hello," said a voice behind them, suddenly, and she turned, her heart pounding, her hands cold.

"Oh," said her uncle, "do you know my niece?"

"Yes, indeed," said Charles Bradford, smiling. "We are dancing the next one together." And his possessiveness, his mastery of the situation made the older man's brows rise.

But Betty did not answer his smile.

"There must be some mistake," she said, "I have the next two."

"But surely," said Charles, not taking his eyes from her face, "you will allow me to have a word with you before the music starts." Her uncle chuckled and moved away.

"Betty Lee—" Charles crooned, making the name vibrations of music. "I love that name. Betty—Lee—. After much research, I ran upon it—."

"You were no doubt lost in thought on the subject when I waited on your table—."

"Charles!" a voice exclaimed, sharply, behind them. "You must remember your promise—who you are, Charles!"

"But she isn't a waitress," Charles said, hotly. "Besides, if she were, what business is it of ours? We eat, don't we?"

"A promise," said Clarice, icily, "is a promise!"

"My back was turned to her when I promised that. You took advantage of me!"

But Betty Lee had slipped through the doorway, reentered the brilliant ballroom, passed through the door into the darkened hall, and along the side of the railing that ran around the pavilion. As she passed along the board walk not far from them, she heard Clarice saying:

"Don't be a fool. The girl has no background. I've done a little

inquiring around and it seems that she is the niece of the people who own this miserable little place." Betty stopped. Her eyes were wide, and dread grew within her breast. Nor could she go on.

"And she lives alone! That's enough for me! Suppose you should take a little nobody like this waitress back home!"

"Not," said Charles, "that anything has been said of it!"

The words cut into Betty's soul and seared themselves there.

"Who said I intended—?"

But Betty had reached her room, her eyes dry. She would leave tonight. Was it scorn she had heard in his voice? She couldn't bear to see him again. She felt bruised, inside. And something as heavy as granite, and as cold, lay against her heart. Somehow the gay, enchanting, daring, adventure had ended flatly. Somehow the whole thing had lost its flavor.

"Dear Uncle Bob and Aunt Mary," she wrote. "You have both been very kind to me, but I can't stay. I'll be all right. Betty."

IT took Betty Lee exactly three weeks to get to Redlands. Doubling back from White-rock a short way, she took an unused road, and finally struck the highway to Las Vegas. Here she was very fortunate in getting a job in the lobby of a small hotel, selling candy, curios, and magazines. In the evenings after she had closed the stand, she walked under the starry sky; and the never ceasing wind across the sands whispered and shrieked and moaned a single name. His face was constantly before her. She dreamed of him often, during those long, still nights, of his eyes, and the echo of his laughter, but upon awakening she would find an empty world of reality, and sleep would evade her until dawn. At last she was in a position to leave, and as she told the old German who had hired her goodbye, he said, scratching his chin:

"Ach, you are not vell, so?"

Betty smiled sadly, and sighed. Physically, she was well enough.

"I don't care," she told herself, vigorously, but without conviction, as she finally reached the outskirts of Redlands. She set her chin firmly. But the tears persisted, and she drove faster as she came nearer her home. The tears were

now falling freely, and she was sobbing aloud.

As she drove into the driveway of her little home she saw how badly the lawn needed cutting, and that she would have to get the roof patched up before the rainy season set in. It was all so desolate. * *

"If I only hadn't said I was a hobo," she said bitterly. "He believed me!" She came to an abrupt stop. Something stirred in the shadows near the porch, and a figure started moving toward her. She shivered as though she were seeing a ghost.

"Charles—" Her voice was questioning, half fearful, as though she doubted her senses.

She saw his eyes light up.

"Betty! Is it really you?" He did not stop to open the door, but slipped over the top of it, and into the seat beside her.

"I like your little place. I got pretty well acquainted with it, sitting on the porch for three weeks!" Suddenly he kissed her warm lips long, and deep, and satisfyingly.

"Mother agrees with me, and if you'll only say 'yes,' we'll have the world doing handsprings for us!"

Betty caught a cartoon of the world in a handspring, and laughed, a warm, satisfied gurgle, from deep in the folds of his sweater.

An Alaskan Afternoon

(Continued from page 532)

paw and then the other; then scratching his ear with a hind paw several times comically, he got up and walked over to the still feebly flopping fish and gave it a vicious slap on the head. Then he picked it up and walked over to where the other two bear were feeding. Holding the salmon down between their paws they tore the skin from the fish and started eating. One of the cubs left his own fish and tried to edge in on his mother's. She hit him a swift blow that sent him sprawling head over heels.

They fed for some time, then something disturbed them, for they immediately left their meal and hurriedly shuffled over the sand flat and off into the brush, the old mother bear bringing up the rear. I felt well satisfied with the afternoon, so I slung my pack and started down the hill to camp.

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MRS. EMIL GUBLER, OF SANTA CLARA, UTAH,
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DEAR Editor:

"Here is a poem for the 'New Writers' section and a picture to go with it.



"Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three boys in a tub.
They're Marion, and Glen Jay, and Phil.
You see I'm their mother,
And they are all brothers.
I hope they will never be ill;
The sun is their doctor,
The fresh air their nurse,
The wide open spaces their friend.
I know they are happy—
Why shouldn't they be?
Their greetings to you now I send.
"Mrs. Emil Gubler."

DEAR Editor:

"To list all the many *Era* features that merit commendation would make this letter too long, but I would like to express my appreciation of the department for beginners in writing.

"The encouragement and training of our boys and girls in every line of creative effort may be regarded as a part of our creed. Perhaps it is an outgrowth of our faith that every human being willing to listen is entitled to the never failing guidance of the voice of inspiration.

"Some deplore the fact that so many in all walks of life are trying to write and cannot be dissuaded. I am glad to see them try. The fact that there can never be a cash market for one-tenth of the output need not discourage them.

"We stress too much the thought of selling. We are too prone to rate quality by sales. We should come more to look on writing as a game like golf. We should build up a regard for amateur standing, and let professionalism take care of itself.

"If we can believe the technologists, the time is close at hand when we will have leisure to write for the love of writing, and will not need any return in money.

"In the meantime the beginner should not let rejection slips discourage him. Neither should he be turned from his course too easily by criticism. If he will still go on practising, searching for the right word, criticising, perfecting his style, there will come to him a deep satisfaction worth more than money, as he brings to life an occasional phrase, paragraph or page that something deep down in his heart tells him glows with a trace of divine fire. Out of the ashes of today's seeming failure may some day blossom for him as beautiful flower of expression as ever gladdened the printed page.

"Sincerely yours, "Will Dobson."

DEAR Editor:

"I do wish that you people would get posted on the pictures and stories you print about dry farming," says M. S. Atkinson, of Holbrook, Idaho. "I haven't been so disgusted in a long time as I am at present having just finished reading 'Out of the Dust,' by Dorothy C. Robinson. Where

in the world did she find such things to write about? Doesn't she know that hand plows have long since gone out of service; and that horses need a longer noon than for a man to gulp a little omelet?

"The picture I refer to appeared a few numbers back and was a farmer following a hand plow and at the same time, apparently, doing the 'Highland Fling.'

"Why not print things that really exist rather than the workings of an imagination that has never been on a farm?"

"P. S. You might ask Fielding K. Smith where he got the idea that a hand plow had a tongue and neck yoke."

DEAR Editor:

"I remember some time ago when an article in the *Era* caused much discussion someone wrote a reply to it. The controversy increased the interest in the magazine. As I have heard much contention concerning the article by Mr. Forsyth negating the writing art (particularly because the M. I. A. is the champion of hobbies and leisure time activities), I have written a reply to it. I hope for the sake of all those who have so eagerly taken up writing that the encouraging word as well as the discouraging word will be given consideration.

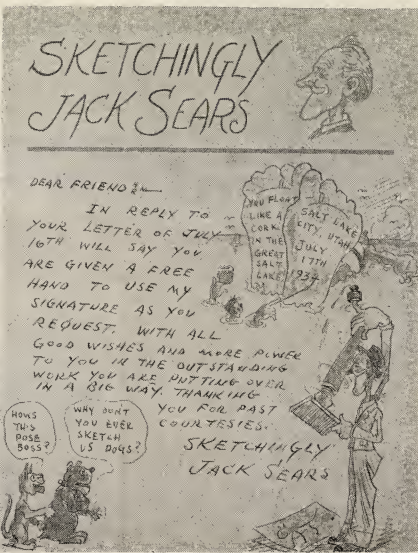
"I have kept myself out of the article, but in my writing classes I have proved what inspiration can do. Production and selling of manuscripts have far exceeded my expectations. Therefore I was especially sorry for the damper Mr. Forsyth's article put upon so many spirits. Isn't there always relish in a comeback?" "Sincerely yours,

"Claire Stewart Boyer."

SURELY, Mrs. Boyer, we will print your article in the near future.

OUR Fiction Writers This Month: Lillian McQuarrie—a Salt Lake girl who won a prize from Liberty magazine two years ago; Milton Ridges, a Salt Lake boy—this is probably his first story to be printed; Grace Tinkham—a lady from San Francisco; Earl C. McCain—Denver newspaper man and writer.

SKETCHINGLY
JACK SEARS



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*Excerpts from an article by Cyrus K. Drew, Editor—
"The Western Underwriter," June, 1934*



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